

THE LONDON MERCURY

Editor—J. C. SQUIRE

Assistant Editor—MILTON WALDMAN

Vol. XIV No. 80

June, 1926

EDITORIAL NOTES

GENERAL Strikes fall upon the just and the unjust, and we also were Orphans of the Storm. Our May number was on the very verge of distribution when the printing and allied trades stopped work, and the Post Office simultaneously issued orders that nothing weighing more than eight ounces should go through the post. We could not deliver until the Strike was over. And if the Strike began at an inconvenient moment for us, it stopped with an equal lack of consideration. Had it lasted a week less we should have had just time to prepare a normal number for June. Had it lasted a week longer we should, with a profusion of crocodile's tears, have announced our utter inability to get a proper June number ready in time and asked our readers to pay three shillings, for, say, sixteen pages (in the best Strike traditions), thus recouping ourselves for some of the loss we have incurred through the "national upheaval." As things were there was just time to get a full-sized number ready, and just not time to prepare a properly proportioned number with the right amount of newly-set "matter" and topical articles. We must therefore ask to be forgiven if the contents seem less varied than usual.



AS for ourselves (since we are in this confidential vein), we had a temporary change of occupation. Finding ourselves unable to sit in a silent office and answer our arrears of letters, unable also to settle down to dramatic or other composition, unwanted by our Local Organisation for the Maintenance of Supplies, we rapidly looked about for a useful outlet for our energies, and as rapidly decided to start a daily (evening) paper. This, after scouring town and country for printers, we at last contrived to

do, in the form of the *Guildford and Godalming Gazette*, *Milford Mercury*, *Witley War-Cry*, *Thursley Thunderer* and *Bowlhead Green Bulwark*, printed first in a crowded thoroughfare of south-east London, behind barricaded windows, and later in Aldershot. We need say no more about this curiosity save (1) that it did manage to get the lunch scores in ; (2) that it appeared in three editions on the last Wednesday ; and (3) that it differed from THE LONDON MERCURY in several regards—as, for instance, in that it contained only four lines of verse throughout its whole career.



WE mention this not—at any rate not merely—out of vainglory, but partly because we feel that some of our readers may share our interest in the various efforts which were made during the Strike to fill the gap suddenly made by the disappearance of the normal products of the press. Collectors of historical oddities will have a good time hunting down some of these things. The productions of the ordinary daily papers will themselves have an interest. The *Daily Express* for the Strike period is full of bibliographical interest. One day it seems to have produced a large “ limited edition ” of a few hundred copies as well as a widely distributed broadsheet. On other days it was turning out four or five different sheets on a single day, members of the staff settling down in various small printing works and producing little papers, with all sorts of headings, at their own sweet will, the result being a tangle of impressions like that familiar to the student of the early editions of *Paradise Lost*. But the sporadic mushroom growths are more interesting still.



THESE include certain sheets, of the Roneo variety, got out by public-houses, and chiefly preoccupied with the betting news. The one drawback of these is that they might easily be “ faked ” were there really to be a considerable demand for them : it must also be added that no very considerable literary merit is observable in them. This is certainly not true of the second purely strike daily (excluding *The British Gazette*) with which we are familiar. This is *Ariel, or the Stratford Messenger*, published daily at Stratford-on-Avon by (we are proud to state) our colleague, Mr. B. H. Newdigate, who is in control of the Shakespeare Head Press. The appearance of this sheet is beyond all praise, and its general culture beyond all competition. The very advertisements smack of the Bard, and the daily quotations from Shakespeare at the head of the Strike News are apt in the extreme. “ O , ” cries the printer, coping with the unaccustomed daily,

that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day !

Another quotation was from *Julius Caesar* :

Hence ! home, you idle creatures, get you home :
Is this a holiday ? What ! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession ?

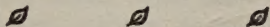
And another, perverted to the uses of the T.U.C., ran :

Prosp. How's the day ?

Ariel. On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Prosp. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers ?

This is an admirable sheet. But we rather think that the most remarkable we have so far seen is not a daily, but a monthly, produced under difficulties.



THE paper is (we cannot pretend to be among its regular subscribers) *Farm Feeding*, a Monthly Journal for farmers, of which the Emergency Strike Issue " has been set, printed and bound by Theo. A. Stephens at, and published by him from, his farm, Frensham Manor, near Farnham, in the county of Surrey." Mr. Stephens is a hero. He announces in his editorial :

When the strike started and the printers were forced to close down I determined that *Farm Feeding* should come out and come out to date if it lay in my power to bring it out. I therefore made a trip to London, brought back a complete printing plant, and this issue is set and printed with my own hands. I have never set a line of type in my life before, have never printed a sheet of paper, and had no knowledge of, or instruction in, the plant I bought.

Shortly afterwards, a little article on *Home-Grown Food* coming between, we reach a number of short notes, of which these are two :

Incidentally this is the last page to be set and printed. Printing is a tricky game, as this past week has taught us. Type is set upside down and right to left, pages are made up backwards, inside out, or any way except what you would imagine.

Those readers who have complained that the normal issues of *Farm Feeding* are too large may be pleased with this one.

Mingled with articles on Gallons per Cow, Bacon, Pigs and Bean Meal, there are other personal confessions and heart-cries. For instance :

We fear, that at this stage of our printing experience, we could not undertake the task of setting all the display advertisements due to appear in *Farm Feeding*. In their place we give a brief summary of the announcements which would have appeared had things been normal.

Mr. Theo. A. Stephens is, to our mind, one of the heroes of the strike. He even managed, single-handed, to pin a nice pink cover on his magazine.

THE House of Commons has now had a debate on Waterloo Bridge and, left free by the Government, has backed up the L.C.C. by a majority of three to two. It was at least a pleasure to see so considerable a body of members rallying in defence of the bridge. The Bridge now looks as though it were doomed.



A DEPRESSING thing about the last stages of the discussion was the hopeless attitude of a section of the Press. Even the *Daily News*, which usually takes the civilised line about this sort of thing, threw up the sponge and assumed that the opposition to the Bridge's destruction was purely sentimental. Even if it had been purely sentimental it would not have been despicable. It is surely not a trifling thing to destroy the best post-medieval Bridge in Europe, the finest vista in London, and the War Memorial—the Cenotaph—of the Napoleonic Wars. But it is a gross mistake to treat the people who have been trying to save the Bridge as pale æsthètes who are unaware of traffic, or antiquarians who will keep anything old at whatever cost. Experienced engineers and the official architectural bodies have made it overwhelmingly clear that the Bridge can be saved, and there are contractors who are willing to do the job. Moreover, it seems to be clear that the bigger, more expensive, Waterloo Bridge which is now projected cannot possibly solve the traffic problem. Either it will carry more traffic than the present bridge or it will not. If the latter, we are as we were; if the former, the block in the Strand will be worse than ever.



A GOOD many members of the L.C.C. have a shrewd idea of this. But the real reason for the destruction of this Bridge, which will be lamented by all our posterity, is not its structural condition and not its inadequacy to traffic. The reason is that something has to be done, or apparently done, about traffic, and the one scheme which everybody knows to contain a solution is too expensive for a local body. Were Charing Cross Station taken to the south bank and Hungerford Bridge replaced by a traffic bridge the problem would be solved: many millions would be needed for this, the Government has made no sign of a desire to produce them, so we are to have the sheer camouflage of a new Waterloo Bridge, leaving the next generation of Councillors to cope with the traffic mess when it is worse than ever. It is a pity. It cannot be helped. All we can now hope is that the new Waterloo Bridge will be the best possible. The one thing that people who are interested in our public amenities should never do is cry over spilt milk. There is always plenty which is in imminent danger of spilling.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

MESSRS. HARRAP are publishing, under the title *Essays of To-day and Yesterday*, a series of selections from modern essayists. Each book, besides including work not yet published in book form, contains a bibliography and a short introduction. The authors represented by the first volumes cater for many tastes and include C. E. Montagu, Hilaire Belloc, Arnold Bennett and Barry Pain. The first book of the series, *Philip Guedalla*, seems to have been both widely and wisely chosen. It gives a good impression of Mr. Guedalla's particular blend of elegant knowledge and impudent familiarity, and offers fair examples of his style: "One would have said at the first blush (and the student of history—especially of Continental history—should always have a blush ready). . . ." The books slip easily into the pocket, are plainly printed and cost a shilling. There is no longer any excuse for buying trash to read on the journey, and the aim of the series—"to bridge the gulf between the large public which reads periodical literature" only, and "the comparatively small book-buying public" should be successfully achieved.

A NEW batch of the Augustan sixpenny books of Poetry has reached us. It consists of selections from Laurence Binyon, Edith Sitwell, Humbert Wolfe, Bret Harte and Alice Meynell among the moderns, and Thomas Campion of those who, being dead, yet live. This is an excellent addition, and we are glad to gather from the editor's foreword that its genuine merit will not be flooded by indiscriminate shoals from every sonneteer of the period. At the same time, to say that "as a songwriter he has no English rivals except Blake and Robert Bridges" seems not so much a swing of the pendulum as an obstinate stopping of the clock. There can be differences of opinion about Lyly and Drayton, but the supremacy of a certain Warwickshire lyricist seems almost beyond cavil.

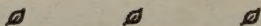
RATES of foreign exchange and the continued glut of novels are combining to turn people more and more to travel and travel-books. It is interesting, therefore, to see that Messrs. Routledge are preparing a series to be called *The Broadway Travellers*, edited by Sir Denison Ross and Miss Eileen Power. This series will contain translations and reprints of the best travel-books of all countries and ages: the historical side of adventurous and pioneer travel will thus be easily accessible, and the work of any tourist of literary or personal attraction—presumably, men like R.L.S.—will be included. Among the first volumes are to be *The Travels of Pero Tafur* (1435-1439), from the Spanish; *Travels of Ibn Battuta*, from the Arabic, and Thomas Gage's *English American* and *The New-Found World or Antarticke*, by André Thevet (1568). Mandeville and Cook are to appear later, and we hope it may be possible to include in this direction the writings of Rosita Forbes and Hassanein Bey, whose journey to Kufara made such exciting reading a few years ago.

J. M. DENT was born at Darlington in 1849, and died at Croydon on May 9th. He came of good yeoman stock—the whole Dent family tracing its origin to the little town of Dent in the West Riding—and it was, as he always said, to the schoolmaster of the little Wesleyan school to which he was sent as a child that he owed his love of literature which was the key to his life's work. At an early age he came to

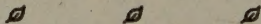
London, and after a few years of apprenticeship, he married, and began work as a bookbinder. Thus he started his career with nothing in the world to help him but his own craftsmanship and natural genius. Before long he entered the field of publishing. His life's work was a romance and a most notable achievement. He had a natural flair, almost amounting to genius, for the needed book and its right form. The task he set himself was no less than to produce the world's greatest literature in a form not only beautiful in itself, but cheap enough to bring it within the means of every man. To the extraordinary success of his great aim the *Temple Classics*, the *Temple Shakespeare*, *Everyman's Library*, the *King's Treasuries* series, and a host of other books and series of books that bear the stamp of his personality most amply attest. Those who knew him in the prime of life speak with admiration of his fierce and indefatigable energy, his power of masterful organisation, his daring in business—so patiently justified—and his capacity for getting the best out of men, not as a martinet, but by laying before them ideas that had come to him “white-hot,” and leaving them with the inspiration to carry out his ideas successfully. Those of us who knew him only in old age will remember him for his prophet-like head—snow-white hair, ruddy cheeks, and keen bright eyes—for his courteous manner and the charm of his address—for his undiminished delight in all that is greatest in literature (“Let us give them the best,” he would say, “and publish nothing unworthy”).

NEW AND RECENT PERIODICALS

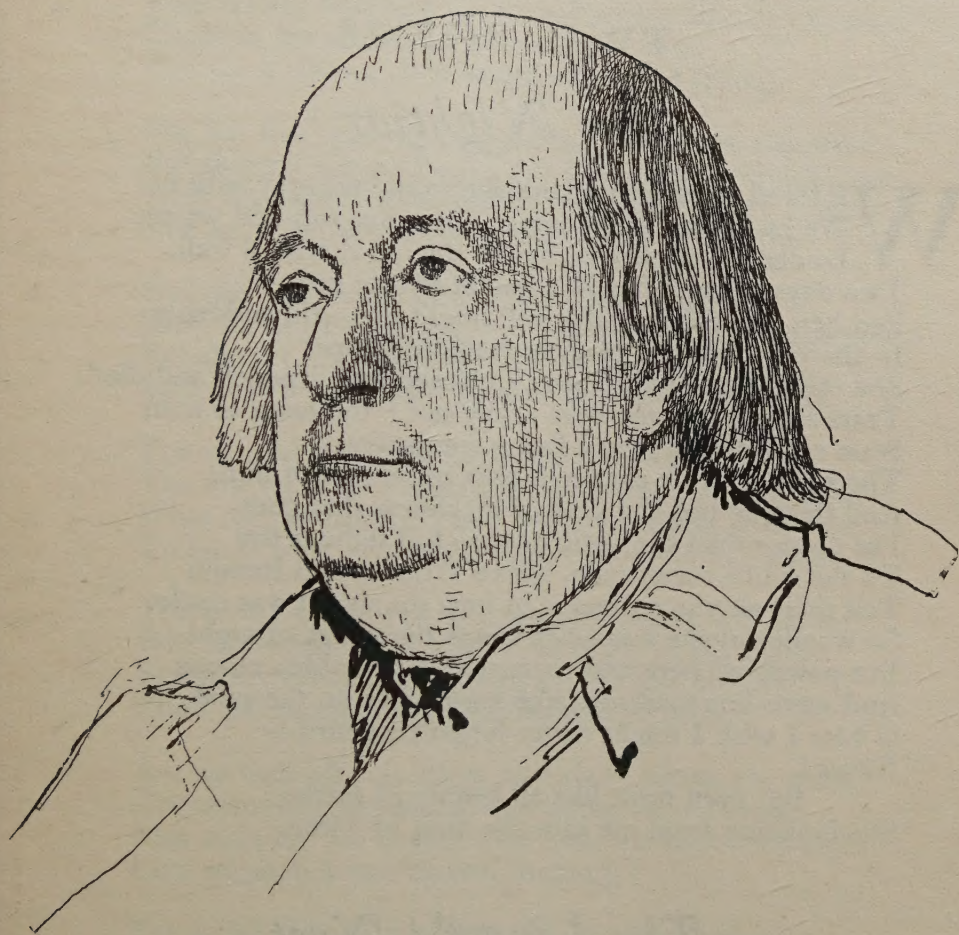
SOME twenty “Recent Art Exhibitions” are described by Mr. W. Egerton Powell in the summer *Artwork*. Mr. Clive Bell writes on *A Re-formation of the English School*. Mr. W. A. Thorpe deals with *Form in Pottery*, and emphasises the affinity of pottery with architecture. In the final instalment of *Glass Painting as an Art for To-day*, Mr. Bernard Rackham claims that the opportunity of the glass-painter at present must be sought rather in hotels and restaurants than in grandiose work such as we see in our Gothic Cathedrals. The magazine is beautifully illustrated.



THE first number of the *Auction Bridge Magazine* has made its appearance. It is to be a monthly (price 1s.), edited by Mr. A. E. Manning Foster. Mr. G. F. Harvey writes the first of a series of articles on *Informatory Doubles*, and Miss Florence Irwin discusses the difference between American and English Bridge, while another writer describes how he, “a poor man,” makes *A pound a day at Bridge*. It puzzles us how any man manages to keep a weekly column on Bridge going: how on earth Mr. Foster will contrive to fill a monthly is utterly beyond us. But these Bridge specialists are resourceful men.



THE most important contribution in the April *Antiquaries Journal* is a paper by Dr. Cyril Fox on *A “Dug-out” Canoe from South Wales*. There is no means of telling the date of this particular boat, but the author classifies all the monoxylous craft which have been found in Great Britain, and places this one in Group III and thus to the period of Roman occupation. Mr. R. R. Marett and Col. T. W. M. de Guérin give an account of various excavations in Alderney, and Mr. L. C. G. Clarke describes some recent additions to the collection of Prehistoric and Romano-British objects in the University Museum of Archaeology at Cambridge.



Modern Portraits :
XLI—ARTHUR MACHEN
by Powys Evans

POETRY

TWO POEMS

The Nightjar

WE loved our Nightjar, but she would not stay with us.
 We had found her lying as dead, but soft and warm,
 Under the apple tree beside the old thatched wall.
 Two days we kept her in a basket by the fire,
 Fed her, and thought she well might live—till suddenly
 In the very moment of most confiding hope
 She raised herself all tense ; quivered and drooped and died.
 Tears sprang into my eyes—why not ? the heart of man
 Soon sets itself to love a living companion,
 The more so if by chance it asks some care of him.
 And this one had the kind of loveliness that goes
 Far deeper than the optic nerve—full fathom five
 To the soul's ocean cave, where Wonder and Reason
 Tell their alternate dreams of how the world was made.
 So wonderful she was—her wings the wings of night
 But powdered here and there with tiny golden clouds
 And wave-line markings like sea-ripples on the sand.
 O how I wish I might never forget that bird—
 Never !

But even now, like all beauty of earth,
 She is fading from me into the dusk of Time.

The Linnet's Nest

WHAT has wrought again the miracle of Spring ?
 This old garden of mine that was so beautiful
 And died so utterly—what power of earth or sky
 From dead sticks and dead mould has raised up Paradise ?

The flow'rs we knew we welcome again in their turns—
 Primrose, anemone, daffodil, and tulip,
 Blossom of cherry, blossom of pear and apple,
 Iris and columbine, and now the white cistus.

In a round bush it grows, this cistus of delight,
A mound of delicate pure white crinkled petals,
In the heart of the garden where the green paths cross,
Where the old stone dial throws its morning shadow.

Come nearer, and speak low ; watch while I put aside
This thickly flow'ring spray, and stoop till you can see
There in the shadowy centre, a tiny nest,
And on it, facing us, a bright-eyed bird sitting.

She has five eggs, shaped and speckled most daintily ;
But this she cannot know, nor how they are quick'ning
With that which soon will be on the wing, and singing
The ancestral linnet-song of thoughtless rapture.

No, this she cannot know, nor indeed anything
That we call knowledge, nor such love and hope as ours :
Yet she for her treasure will endure and tremble,
And so find peace that passeth our understanding.

You wonder at my wonder—the bird has instinct,
The law by dust ordained for that which dust creates ?
What then is beauty ? and love ? my heart is restless
To know what love and beauty are worth in the end.

The bird I know will fly ; nest, brood, cistus, garden,
Will all be lost when winter takes the world again :
Yet in my mind their loveliness will still survive
Till I too in my turn obey the laws of dust.

Are we then all ? Is there no Life in whom our nests,
Our trembling hopes and our unintelligent loves
May still, for the beauty they had, the faith they kept,
Live on as in a vast eternal memory ?

Yet so for us would beauty still be meaningless,
Mortal and meaningless—our hearts are restless still
To be one with that spirit from whom all life springs,
And therein to behold all beauty for ever.

Perhaps the linnet too is more than dust : perhaps
She, though so small, of so quick-perishing beauty,
Is none the less a part of His immortal dream
And beneath her breast cherishes the divine life.

HENRY NEWBOLT

SEVEN POEMS

Far East

OLD hamlets with your groves of flowers
 And honey for the bee,
 Your curtained taverns, faithful towers,
 Droning songs and twilight hours
 And nodding industry—

Fine fields, wide-lapped, whose loveliest-born
 Day's first bright cohort finds
 And steals away ; whose lustier corn
 The red-faced churl invades at morn
 And proud as Caesar binds—

Uplands and groves that from the West—
 Have the last word for me,
 Think not your image in my breast
 Was sullied when I sung my best
 Beside an Eastern sea.

Beside an Eastern sea the pines
 In tufty spinneys drowse,
 The fire-fly grass beneath them shines
 Blue-lanterned, and the chaliced bines
 Climb witch-like to the boughs ;

And girdled green there bask the plains
 Where, with his timeless smiles,
 In mushroom hat brown labour gains
 His spindling roots, his haulms, his grains,—
 The Oriental Giles.

He serves a god much like your own,
 Who, peeping down the rows,
 Brings gourds the greatest ever grown,
 And peerless pumpkins ; smooths the down
 Of these fruits, lacquers those.

Thence the young child at home awaits,
 Bright-eyed as a brown mouse,
 Her share of country delicates,
 And chatters bold to her young mates
 About the smoky house.

The bronze cicada twangs all day,
 And the silver-soft at night
 Cools the dense thicket by the way
 Where heaps the sturdy disarray
 Of husbandry's delight.

In many tones, or bold or frail,
 Joy's primal anthem fills,
 And over the rude-ripened vale
 If restless spirits sometime fail
 They light on lustrous hills.

Sleep's master-dream there stands alone,—
 The mountain of the world !
 The still hour come, his monstrous cone
 Is a timid flower this morning blown
 And now for darkness furled.

The Complaint

THE village spoke : “ You come again,
 You left me for a world of men,
 Tell,
 How feel you now my former spell ? ”

And I : “ Sweet simpleton, dear home,
 Much altered at long last I come :
 Still,
 I think you are the nonpariel.”

At that, a wistful breeze was heard,
 And thus my spirit caught the word,
 “ Child,
 Love's lovely, so you spoke and smiled ;

But was it not my creed and dream
 To fit you for a mightier theme ?
 Proud
 You stepped away to join the crowd.

And now what skies, what hills you've known,
 What streets of power, what speaking stone ;
 More,
 The drama of amazing war ;

THE LONDON MERCURY

And love the Atlantis, love the god,
 And genius, in whose light you trod
 Bounds
 That only primal depth surrounds.

Thence come you with this whisper dim,
 With eyes that gaze till the tears brim ?
 I—
 But look, how small and poor I lie.”

The sunny grass gleamed on the wall,
 The smithy clanged, and old George Hall
 Flung
 His jacket off, and scythed and sung ;

From school the hungry youngsters rushed,
 The caravan passed, the millstream gushed ;
 “ Dear,”
 I answered, “ all my ways led here.”

Triune

BENEATH that hawthorn shade the grass will hardly grow,
 So many babes have played and kept the bare clay so,
 So many loves delayed in the moonlight's ebb and flow—
 Daisy-chains and sweet beginnings,
 Fade not till I pass below.

The roots of this same thorn are polished like a stool,
 Each gray and goblin horn grown craftwise beautiful,
 And sometimes to adorn is left a tuft of wool—
 I envy still the merry runnings
 Of those that pass that way to school.

The moonlight through the may and the whisper fluttering there,
 Like angels on their way to the house of pain and prayer,
 Gleams and rippings play, and we lay our foreheads bare,
 For here the coolest, cleverest cunning's
 Know the unknown's winged air.

Come, little tiny child, here's white violets for thee ;
 Come, smiling beauty wild, love's the dryad of this tree,
 And thou baptized mild, this thorny chapel see ;
 And may I, with all my sinnings,
 Sit in this same sanctuary.

Voices by a River

WHAT hearest thou ?
 That swelling sigh and dim-rebellious moan
 Is the weir water talking all alone,
 The water, as in twilight centuries flown,
 More audible now.

“ Once more thou seest
 The sun far off surrendering his bright head
 Into the ocean night ; his royal red
 Will swiftly come in dazzling morning spread
 Through the pale east.

“ Thou feelest—nothing
 But the wind fluttering from the bulrush-grove,
 Moth-like ; and may not evening zephyrs rove ?
 Or 'tis the mist, as fine as e'er was wove
 For moonmaid's clothing.”

—“ Turn thy dear brow
 Full towards me, with thy strong young arm enfold,
 For I am trapped, on a sudden made centuries old ;
 Warm me a little, the dew strikes deadly cold
 That mists me now.”

Together

ROSY belief uplifts her spires
 Anemone-frail in amaranth air
 That never hurts a thing :
 This river's lapse will lead us there,
 Hear many a crystal crisp'd spring
 Come wimpling down from shepherd shires,
 Come dancing pearly dipping briars,
 To journey with this king.
 And honesty on his boat with bales
 And bags and barrels, laded sails,
 The merry wind for his white wing ;
 He sees those steeples and he hails ;
 And we'll go journeying there.

THE LONDON MERCURY

You must be by me, then be gone,
 Then through the bush peep like a bird,
 And then with arm in mine step on,
 And out of your secret legend sing,
 Or play with an angel word.
 The silver bream jumps out of the stream,
 The diamonds ding from the blackbird's wing,
 And through long glades that gilt wing speeds.
 We'll go where this green river leads,
 Content in leisure's meads,
 With lilies lulled, to that sweet town,
 To that sweet town,
 With lilies lulled, to that sweet town
 Whose airiest pinnacled chancicleer
 Floats on the west wind all the year.
 Belief's our mark, we've crossed the down,
 And there's her sparkling belvedere !
 Come, my late and early love.

A Superstition Re-visited

WHILE on the lavender by the door
 The rime was gathering chill,
 And darkness with a sigh or two
 Heard daylight near the hill.

And while the candle drunkenly
 Flopped, space and tallow aflame,
 Flickering bronze on the half-dropt jaw
 Of the woman sitting there,

The baby dying in her arms
 Seemed yawning for some breath,
 And, as he looked in painful wish,
 He saw not mother but Death.

This Death at first was hollow-eyed,
 Deep shadows masked the face,
 As through the room the crazy light
 Tossed blackness and grimace.

But thence, with modulation kind
As a honeyed shower steals on,
He glistened to that tiny soul,
He smiled and his blue eyes shone.

“Thou art the one,” the free soul sang
“That camest here with me
No long time since ; I’d take thy hand
And go back home with thee.”

Soft and soft they crossed the threshold,
Swiftly had they flown,
When through a cottage thatch they heard
A dreaming, quavering moan.

“Loose, loose my hand,” the free soul prayed,
“I have here a thing to say.”
A moment, and as mild as moonlight
Hand in hand, away !

The grandmother awaking saw
Ann’s baby in the bed,
The child was cold, that dear child !
She knew ; the child was dead.

Upon her dreadless eye the form
Faded ere long ; no more
The tranquil messenger lay beside.
She rose, she opened the door

Where Ann, her swart hair torn, was clutching
The whole world turned to clay,
And the vain milk to her bare bosom
Still was finding way.

“They always come,” the old head thought,
“To tell us when they’re free,”
And with dry eyes, gentle and wise,
She clasped her daughter, whose wild eyes
Defied eternity.

Prelusion

THEN in petals of the air,
 In clouds that roses rather were,
 In blue pools of the tranquil sky,
 In summer ether calm and high
 With ripe and budding blossom smiling
 Haunted new and meek beguiling.

Then although that sky looked down
 On shattered church and crazy town,
 On bodies hurt and left in heaps,
 Of vigils pale and carnal sleeps,
 It tinged a flush of phantom rose
 And yearned with its divine disclose.

Whose that radiance, whose that whisper,
 Zephyr-glimmer, voice of Hesper ?
 Then unknown ! The mystery pure
 Sparkled in the vast colure,
 A message from some far hill sheening,
 Yet no lens could meet its meaning.

After time has seemed to prove
 What the signal twinkled : Love,
 Love that hovering ever nearer
 Soon in one beloved was clearer,
 Who with me in one path moving
 Was the secret's rosy proving.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

A Dead Airman

MAY'S tapestry of green and gold
 Was hung about us fold on fold,
 Where, in the copse, the cuckoo calls,
 A scented arras on the walls
 Of space and time, that held us close
 As bees are garnered by the rose.
 And we two, walking in that wood,
 Had half forgot the mire and blood,

(Forgive us, you who sleep in France !)
 We half forgot, and then some chance
 Or some stern angel led the way
 Through quiet fields to where he lay
 Broken, beneath his broken wings,
 Dead, who had known but twenty Springs,
 Still, where a million pulses beat,
 Face downwards in the young green wheat.

That wreckage, gaunt and angular,
 Had flashed above us like a star
 An hour before. Its course was done ;
 Finished ; and one more woman's son
 Had cast the cloak so dearly bought,
 With patience and in travail wrought
 For nine long months, worn twenty years,
 How gaily ! Now Fate's awful shears
 Had rent it, and the naked soul
 Slipped out at once.
 To see life whole
 One needs good eyes, but only God
 Can so view death.

MORAY DALTON

"Love's Not Time's Fool"

"**L**OVE'S not Time's fool." Oh, would he were, and oh
 That Love were mortal, as he might be slain—
 Arrows of scorn we loose at him in vain,
 But he is not dismayed by any blow.
 We are Love's fools, or else by now should know
 That when he fairest seems, when, in his hand,
 Chances are balanced true, and fortunes stand
 Happy—he only poises them, to throw
 Farther asunder, or to change the chimes
 Faster, as false-tongued bell betraying bell
 Chases but cannot, clanging, overtake.
 The shadowed earth has her appointed times
 Since last athwart the waiting moon she fell—
 But Love makes fools Time never can unmake.

E. B. FORD

MSS.

By D. B. DAVIES

TWO returned manuscripts were on the breakfast table. One, from the *Splendid Magazine*, was a story about a girl called Jacintha, in which he had tried to be flippant about ankles ; the other was an article on Walter Savage Landor, which he considered at the least no worse than "The Plain Man's" usual "Close-up of Great Writers." He had tried most forms of journalism ; but *Laughter* cared no more for his excruciating remarks on Tennis for Beginners than *Wit* for his polished dialogues between a husband called George or Bill and a wife whose name at the lowest estimate was Francesca ; the *London Literary* as readily rejected his account of Dr. Thomas Parnell as the *Cry* his Strepituous Songs. These were dedicated "For Edith Sitwell, because of *Solo for Ear-Trumpet*"; even so, they remained unprinted.

Up the road the school bell rang, and he hurried under the yellow brick pseudo-Gothic entrance into the asphalt quadrangle. The Lower Fourth were not in good form that morning, and they sat before their Greek grammars in complete mental inaction for half-an-hour of the forty-five minutes which composed First Lesson. The master left them undisturbed for far longer than they needed to learn two tenses of a Greek verb, because their idleness he had long ceased to combat, asking only some show of good order. Then from a corner of the room sounded the whispered notes of the "British Grenadiers," accompanied by a rhythmic drumming on the desk. For a time he managed to keep up the pretence of not hearing, but when the numbers of the band increased to four or five, and recruiting still proceeded briskly, he addressed the ring-leader: "If you will halt the battalion, Jones, I will hear those tenses." This sally provoked the usual chorus of Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! given in unison by the form under the direction of Griffiths ; and Thompson, asked for the perfect of λύω, replied—"El-lel-lel-lel-lukadayaduka." The mirth which greeted this gem was more genuine ; the master's sallow face flushed, and for a moment he looked dangerous. But a term's experience had taught him that not the longest imposition, not the wrath of the Head himself, not any thunder-bolt he commanded was of avail against his tormentors.

"You will say it to me correctly at four-thirty this afternoon. Next." Thompson burst into obviously feigned tears, and the tense was supplied by the mild Robinson, who received a savage kick on the shin from Halliday for his pains. Ellis having made only four mistakes in the pluperfect, the noise of Halliday cracking a stubborn bar of chocolate on the form coincided with the bell, and could thus be legitimately ignored. He passed on to Upper III and English. Somehow came eleven o'clock and fifteen minutes' break.

In the Common Room Moreau was stamping on the *Daily Chronicle*, and crying that England had sold France. He banged out in an awkward silence ; and then Watson and Penny attacked each other with savage relish.

Watson : " Set of unpractical idealists, to call 'em nothing worse. As long as men are men, there'll be war ; and it's up to us to see the Germans aren't in a position to begin the next one for fifty years. If France doesn't get a penny out of the Ruhr, she'll get her money's worth by crippling German trade. I hope they'll go on to Berlin—where we ought to have gone in 1918. I don't put on airs about humanity, and I don't believe the millennium's going to come yet ; I don't like Germans, and I only hope we'll send out troops to help the French knock some manners into the swine. Anyone would think they won the war : look at what they did in 1870, etc. . . . "

Penny : " It's just that attitude that makes one despair of any improvement in international morality. I suppose that because it was once the custom to cut off the right hands of the men of a conquered nation, we ought to have done that to the Germans ? You don't seem to realise that we're trying to give the world a lead, to get away from the old cat-and-dog attitude between nations, to avoid embittering Germany to such pitch that the next war becomes merely a question of time. Besides, it's impossible to keep a nation under as you want to do to Germany. Napoleon couldn't do it, nor could Bismarck. You do talk the most sickening rubbish, Watson. . . . "

" This morning," announced Gibson, " that fellow Armitage actually had the cheek to ask if he might open the window. It's getting pretty bad when a boy tries that sort of stuff with ME ! "

" What did you do ? " asked the admiring Shorthouse, who never tired of Gibson's tales of his frightfulness. " Kicked him out of the room and into it again and gave him 250 lines for to-morrow," answered the disciplinarian with grim relish. " He won't try it on again, won't Master Armitage Junior ! "

Over his one o'clock dinner, a greasy chop with mashed potatoes and tomato sauce for second vegetable, he read some of the nomadic manuscripts which had once been the food of his hopes. He had written twenty articles, stories and poems before trying his luck ; and each had seemed to him as likely to be printed as most of the stuff one found in magazines and reviews. At Christmas he told those of his Oxford friends whom he met that he was school-mastering to tide over the time one needed to win one's footing in journalism. He told only Louth, and that when whiskey and soda had loosened his reserve, a little of the misery and degradation of his life at Limpsford Hall, of his constant fear lest the Headmaster should realise his futility as a keeper of order, of his dislike of most of his colleagues, of his loneliness. But at Christmas he had set a year as the limit to his bondage ; now in March, when all his manuscripts had been refused twice over, it seemed to him that he must hope only to go on bluffing indefinitely. He had no money except his salary at a fourth-rate school ; for any other, he was even more unfit than for his present profession. None of your ten-year plodders, who " win-out " at long last, he was as sickened of writing as of teaching, and not less assured of failure at one than at the other. Now indeed he was paying for his three years

of happy idleness at Oxford. He had a third in Greats to show for the thousand pounds which his father had placed at his disposal—if he had but taken his father's advice and bought himself into some paying business! One might talk of the value of a Liberal Education, and the joys of Literature; such were to be enjoyed only by one who had leisure, comfort, peace of mind. Bought at the cost of such a life as his, they were too expensive.

In the manuscript before him he read: "The half-caste had been drinking. There was a dangerous and evil gleam in his half-shut eyes, and Mary, sensing his mood, knew that the first sign of weakness or fear she gave would mean worse than death. She clenched her hands till the knuckles paled, and faced the slouching brute as a tamer faces a snarling lioness." . . . Bah! One couldn't do that sort of stuff without meaning it.

He tried another: "So Christina had gone off with Svensen. Hans didn't quite see why—he didn't understand Christina, but he had always believed that a woman who had had a child by a man would stay with him, if he were kind to her." (Was his sequence of tenses correct?) "He did not get drunk or beat her, and Svensen was a drunkard and had beaten all the girls who had gone off with him. There was Wilhelmina from the mill, who had drowned herself; there was Käthie from the inn—she was on the streets in Christiania now, he had heard; there was the wife of Borkum the smith, whom Svensen had fought, and nearly killed. Ah! he was a devil, that Svensen, with his long fair curls and his hard china-blue eyes . . ."

Sheer rubbish! What did he know about Norway, or women, or men?

He tried again: "To have moved in that circle—what incomparable pleasure, what privilege! The circle of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Garrick, with all its brilliance, must have had its drawbacks; it was not free from animosities and jealousies; poor Oliver, whom none would take as seriously as he took himself, was a painful as well as a charming figure; and under the brilliance of the Great Bear, who dared to speak? One would have liked to meet Pepys and perhaps be taken home to dine and hear his good lady play the flageolet—but how soon would one have felt that all was not well with the merry diarist's household? Perhaps that very day naughty Knipp had smiled and winked at Samuel from the boards, and there was a jealous cloud over the house in Seething Lane. As for the Mermaid, one would have needed a strong head in more senses than one to stand that company. But to dine at Strawberry Hill with witty, kindly, cultured Horry Walpole, to meet fashionable Gilly Williams or jolly George Montagu or dignified General Conway, to be shown the parlour with the 'stone colour Gothic paper and Jackson's Venetian prints,' with their air of 'Barbarous bas-reliefs'—What a feast of reason! One pictures oneself less overcome than by most brilliant coteries, and more amused than by many."

Apparently that wouldn't do either. He picked up a poem called *Heritage*, which recalled Drinkwater:

If in this old and labouring earth
 The time be past for bravery,
 And craftsmanship of honest worth
 Yield to mechanic slavery,
 Yet let us seek to find a God
 In the brown furrow's solemn length,
 Lords of the immemorial sod
 In virtue, kindliness and strength.

That seemed to him worse than the others—he would not have printed that himself. Here was another poem, this time a Strepitous Song in the modern manner :

To a Bacchante.

O Caryatide,
 Steeping the mucous in vine's blood,
 Amid the diphthongous thudding,
 Why do you not read at once
 The book called *Michael Robartes*
 And the *Dancer*

By W. B. Yeats ?
 Or in the pellucid depths
 Of the *White Peacock*
 Strive to see stirred-up mud ?

That seemed to him, in its own genre, to be rather good. Why not call a tall thin woman in a low-cut dress a Caryatide ? Wasn't "diphthongous thudding" rather like a saxophone and a drummer playing the tom-tom ? And "mucous" for mouth surely had the right anatomical flavour ? Perhaps it was all too obvious for *The Cry*.

In the house across the road lived Vincent, the music master, and suddenly he began to sing one of his Elizabethan lutenists. It was a small Georgian house of mellow red brick, with a shell over the door ; the window sashes were painted a delicate green, the moss between the old roof-tiles was yellow ; two yew peacocks guarded the gate of flowing iron scroll-work. As the first notes of the song sounded across the road, rhythmic and true, the sun came out.

Diaphenia, like the daffadown dilly,
 Fair as the rose, white as the lily,
 My sweet, my sweet,
 How I do love thee :
 I do love thee as the lambs
 Are beloved of their dams—
 How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me !

The pure, thinly accompanied melody seemed to take on an almost visible shape to the listener. Framed in the window, the house looked like an old engraving.

As the birds do love the spring,
 Or the bees their careful King—
 Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me.

The last note fell dropping ; and in an ecstasy compounded of his own misery and the sweetness of what he saw and heard, he could not contain his tears. He was still weeping when Mrs. Lowther came in to clear away.

BEARDS AND ANGELS

By J. CROFTS

IT was a September evening in 1661. Mr. Pepys was making up a party of "young ladies at the Wardrobe" to go and see *Bartholomew Fair* with the puppet-show, "which hath not been acted these forty years, being so satirical against puritanism." His Majesty (God bless him!) was proposing to himself the same diversion in the company of Madame Palmer; and Madame Palmer—but who can say what gay projects filled that fine head? Gaiety was in the air. It radiated from Whitehall to every corner of his Majesty's dominions, like those "magnetical effluvioms" which, as the incomparable Mr. Boyle had lately pointed out, have the property of "penetrating all bodies" whatsoever.

In the rectory of Fen Ditton, however, not far from Cambridge, these "aery effluxions" encountered a body of remarkable spissitude. Dr. John Worthington had nothing to do with gaiety or relaxation. His wig, "stinted in its shape" as befitting his cloth, but "for goodness of hair and colour such as few noblemen could match"; his linen, "transparently curious"; his "smooth white hand and brilliant of the first water, mutually becoming," all cried "Procul, O procul este." He had been Vice-Chancellor of his University. He had refused to appoint a College cook because the man had been a tobacco-cutter. He had been born at Manchester. In short, Doctor Worthington was a man of very serious views, and within the charmed circle of lamp-lit silence where his learned brow hung motionless like the moon in Tycho Brache's diagram, nothing had place but Reason and the Dignity of Man.

And to-night the subject that engrossed his attention was indeed intimately connected with the dignity of man.

Upon his table lay a letter from his friend, Mr. Samuel Hartlib, describing the prophecies of a certain "old Frieslander," who claimed that an angel had appeared to him, threatening woe to Amsterdam.

Dr. Worthington picked up the letter, and leaning back with a judicial frown, read again the question which Hartlib had suggested as the test of such phenomena, viz., "Whether the good angel said by the old Frieslander to have appeared to him had a beard or no." Certainly that was a shrewd question, for "long bearded good angels, or lady-angels of true light, do indeed crosse all the old records of antiquity," as Hartlib very justly observed. He had Aquinas behind him there, to say nothing of Bonaventura. Moreover the brilliant but unreliable Van Helmont had, as Hartlib went on to point out, offered a quasi-scientific explanation of the fact. It was an indirect result of the Fall. Adam at his creation, says Van Helmont, "was a youth, beardless and blooming, like Raphael when he served Tobias." But after the Fall a beard came as a judgment upon him,

to mark his brutish propensity. And this, according to Helmont, had settled the *mode* for angelic visitants ever since. "The principal mark of an evil angel," he says, "is his beard. No good spirit ever appeared in one, being mindful of the reason why a beard accrued to man."

This was the grave topic upon which Dr. Worthington was excogitating an opinion, while at Whitehall a beardless king (but not like Raphael) was sauntering among "lady-angels" of quite uncertain "light." And the more he pondered it the less he liked it: "not," as he says in his reply, "out of love to a long beard, which I desire not." But was not this view of Van Helmont's dangerously subversive of Holy Writ? For Eve, as we know, ate of the apple first; and at that rate she ought to have had the beard. At all events there could be "no reason for Adam's having a beard, and Eve's having none."

Besides, you did not so easily get rid of the dignity of a beard. Were not Scaliger and Hofman and Zonardus agreed as to the reverend nature of that appendage? Had not the learned Ulmus, in his well-laboured tractate "*De Fine Barbae Humanae*" shown not only the dignity of beards, but also their commodity as protecting from wind and weather those vital parts whereby man receives nutriment? Or, to come to the present age, had not that incomparable physician and curioso, Dr. Bulwer, recently denounced beard-haters as "Scoffers of Nature, who with their Pincers fight against her; fit Companions for the apostate Julian, who styled himself *Mysopogon*, as much as to say *the hater of a Beard*"?

These facts must weigh heavily with any Reasonable man. "And as for Van Helmont's inference," wrote the Doctor, "that therefore no good angel ever appeared *barbatus*, I do as little believe it as that the good angels are like little plump-cheeked boys as the painter makes them." For there was the apparition of the "old grave man" who warned Grynæus to flee from Spires. . . .

Here the Doctor rose abruptly (for he was warming to his work), took Melancthon's Commentaries from the shelf and rustled the pages till he found the place. . . . Hmn! . . . "An old man of singular gravity in favour and address." No mention of a beard. Still it might surely be inferred. And anyhow there was Buchanan's famous story about the "grave old man," obviously a good angel, who warned James IV to turn back from Flodden.

Again the Doctor's hand sought the shelf, and again he rustled the pages, this time with confidence. . . . But no. . . . "*Senex capillo in rufum flavescente*," or as the Scots has it "red yellow hair behind and on his haffets which wan down to his shoulders; his forehead bald and bare." No mention of a beard again. And here the description was so full of detail that the omission could hardly be an accident. Tut tut! . . . Strange! . . . Here were two cases of beneficent angelic visitation, the first that came to mind; and in neither would a jury bring in a beard!

As the Doctor slowly resumed his seat he felt the tentacles of Van Helmont's hairy hypothesis clutching at his mind. Was there something

in it after all ? Witches had beards : no doubt of that. And it was probable that those evil spirits and Hob Goblins which still affrighted the common folk were nothing but the bearded Sylvans and Aegipans of the ancients. Was it possible that beards were symptoms, and that the spade beard, the fish-tail beard and the other topiary devices with which men delighted to embellish their chins were really the marks of some unconscious but enormous pravity ? “ There are mystically in our faces certain Characters,” says Sir Thomas Browne, “ which carry in them the motto of our Souls.” Was a beard a sinister anagram ? . . .

But stay ! He had it !

Dr. Worthington rose, and, opening an old chest under the window, rummaged eagerly among the contents. Here it was : the account of Samuel Wallace of Stamford, taken down in his own words : “ Upon Whitsunday, after sermon, 1659, being alone in the house, and reading in a book called *Abraham's Suit for Sodom* he heard somebody knock at the door ; upon which he arose, and went with a stick in one hand, and holding by the wall with the other ”—he was a chronic invalid—“ to see who was at the door, where he found a grave old man with hair as white as wool curled up, a white broad beard, of a fresh complexion, little narrow band, coat and hose of a purple colour, and new shoes tied with black ribbands, who said to him ‘ Friend, I pray thee give to an old pilgrim a cup of small beer ’.”

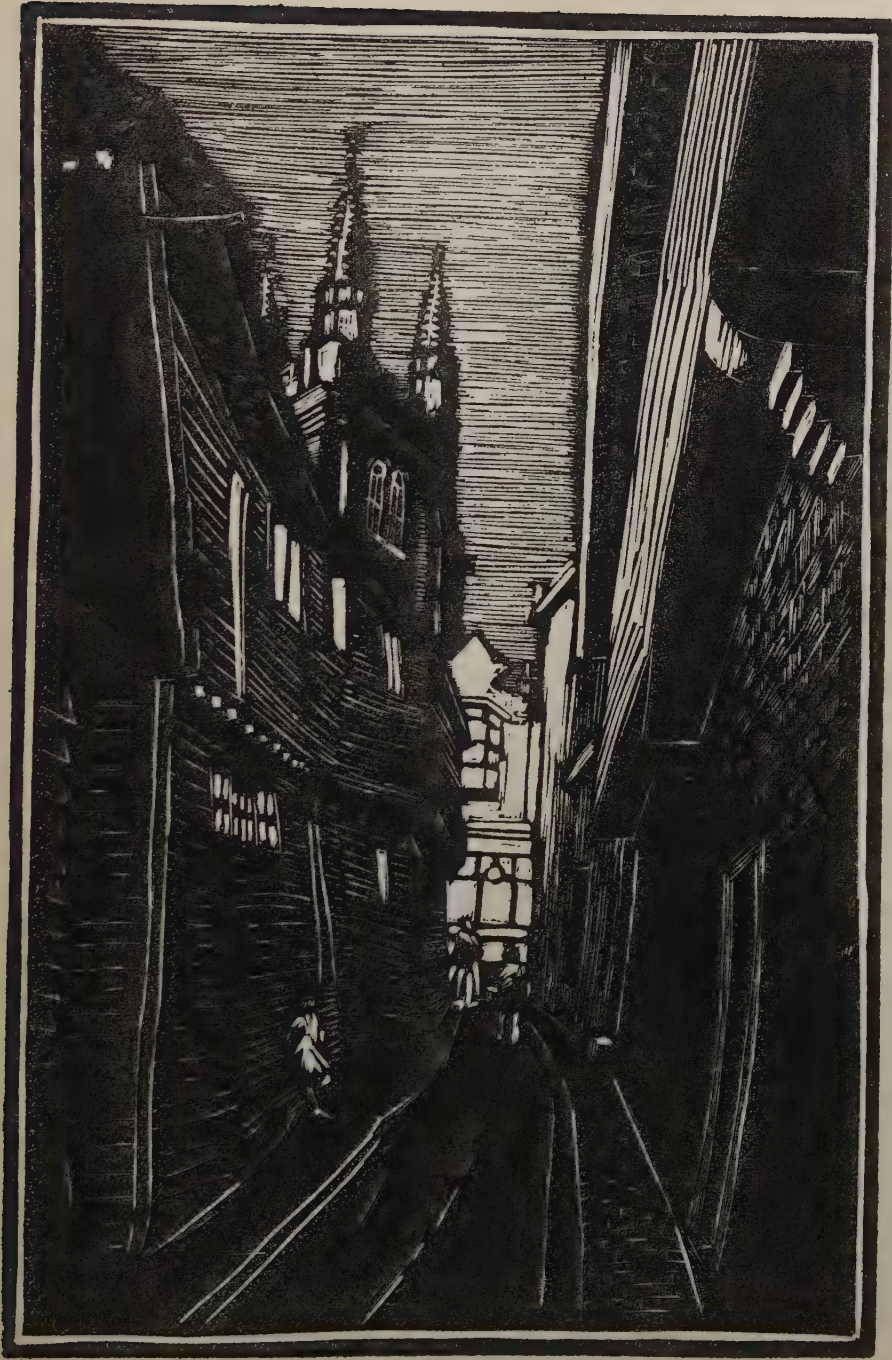
Here at last was something to the point, and the good Doctor's pen was soon busy :—

“ He came into the house, and together with the holy counsel he gave him, directed him to make use of two red-sage leaves and one bloodwort leaf steeped in beer for three days, and for a whole month to be in the fresh air in some country town ; and told him when he should recover, which fell out accordingly. Several circumstances in the story make it probable that he that came to him was a good . . . ”

But here the Doctor's pen faltered and paused. (*Was it so probable ?* That purple coat and new shoes, and even the prescription—were they not rather suggestive of the travelling quack ? And what deep and vermiculate questions were raised by Wallace's further statement that he “ drew a little jug pot of small beer, which the pilgrim took and drank it all ” !) But it was too late to draw back now. His pen moved on again—“ . . . angel, and that his beard was broad and very large is expressly related by Samuel Wallace in his narrative.”

But it was very unsatisfactory, and even a little disturbing. Two good angels doubtfully bearded and one good beard doubtfully angelic made but slender material for Reason to work upon.

And as the worthy Doctor gazed through his window at the midnight sky, where the Milky Way streamed like a beard in the firmament, his mind was stirred by the Magnificence of Creation and the narrowness of man's apprehension.



BELL'S ALLEY
Woodcut by T. MACKENZIE

SOME UNPUBLISHED ESSAYS BY WILLIAM HAZLITT

III—Outlines of Morals. Or, the Doctrine of Selfishness

THE doctrine of selfishness, and of the whole system of morals as depending on it, is founded on the metaphysical and practical notion of self or of personal identity. A man, it is assumed, is always the same with himself, and has necessarily the same interest in whatever happens to him to-day or to-morrow, just as for the same reason (*viz.*, that he is not and cannot become another) he has no possible interest in what happens to another, except as it is in some indirect way connected with his own. I do not deny the doctrine of self or of personal identity, for this as a vague, general proposition is a dictate of common sense ; but I explain as a metaphysician in what this idea properly consists, and thus prove that it has nothing to do with selfishness or morals in any sense.

I divide self into three parts, the past, the present, and the future. Now in the two first of these, *viz.*, my past and present self, I am interested and of course identified in a peculiar, exclusive or individual manner by means of my two faculties, sensation or consciousness, and memory, so that in regard to my past or present being I am a strictly insulated or unsocial being, but neither the past nor the present are or can ever become subjects of voluntary action, that is, of self love, morally speaking ; and with respect to the third division, *viz.*, my future self, which is alone the subject of action or selfish interest, I have no peculiar, exclusive faculty giving me an immediate, absolute, paramount interest in or sympathy with my future sensations, any more than with those of others, imagination being the only possible medium by which I hold communication equally with the one, or the other. Thus I separate self into three distinct parts, with the two former of which individual and exclusive feelings are naturally and inseparably connected, but which not possibly admitting of action, cannot lay the foundation of selfishness, and the last of which, the only proper subject of action or volition, cannot lead to this distinction more than the first, for here where action or self interest begins, the peculiar and inevitable sympathy is wanting which is necessary to constitute selfishness. We have therefore in the one case selfish feelings without the possibility of their being acted upon, and where we have this possibility, we have not the selfish or exclusive feelings, impelling our actions to one sole and undistracted end. What I here separate, I defy any man or the whole world united to join together again by an appeal to reason of facts.

To go a little more into detail. 1. First, I have an interest in my present self by means of *sensation*, which I cannot have in the feelings of

any other individual whatever, because my senses do not extend beyond my personal identity to that of any other human being. Suppose for example a red-hot coal falls upon my hand ; this occasions in me at the instant a lively and almost intolerable pain, which I certainly neither do nor can under any circumstances receive from the same burning substance falling on the hand of another. There is no organ of communication between my brain and another's nerves, by which what he may actually suffer is impressed on my mind or causes the same agony in me either as to kind or degree, as what is thus inflicted corporeally on my proper self. The latter feeling is *sui generis*, is exclusive, absolute, unavoidable, incommunicable, and draws a positive line of demarcation (so far) between me and that other ; for what he feels (as a sensation) is nothing to me, can have no mechanical efficacy whatever, and is to all intents and purposes as if it had never existed, except as I may make it a subject of reflection and mental sympathy.

Oh ! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or wallow naked in December's snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?

The line between imagination and sensation is here correctly drawn, but the thinking of our own imaginary sensations no more avails (as is here shown) against the pressure of the actual ones than the thinking of those of others. I have an interest in and continued identity with my past self by means of *memory*, which I have not nor can possibly have in or with that of any other being whatever, because this faculty is strictly confined to my own past sensations, and does not relate to those of anyone else ; or the channel which this faculty opens between the past and the present is confined to my own past impressions and conscious traces which remain of them in my mind, and does not apply collaterally to the possible impressions of any other living being. Thus I recollect by a peculiar internal and exclusive act of the mind the pain which I received from a coal of fire falling on my hand or any other cause, though I can form no idea of that pain as arising from the same account to another, though I may have seen it with my eyes, except as a matter of conjecture and imagination and from knowing what I myself have felt in the same circumstances and applying this knowledge to the situation of another. But I have only the memory of what befell myself, as the scar alone remains upon my hand. I may have seen certain signs indicating pain or heard certain sounds expressive of it, but the internal impression itself is hid and inscrutable till I conjure up a likeness of it in my imagination ; there is nothing traditional or mechanical in it. As far then as relates to the present or the past, I have a perfect or particular sympathy with my own interest which I by no means can be pretended to have with that of others ; I feel the one and remember the other in a way peculiar to myself, and in which no one else can enter into my sensations, nor I into theirs : but the past or present are properly subjects of volition or action ; both are irrevocably

fixed beyond the power of the will or any exertions of mine to alter, to make or unmake them, and therefore all that exclusive and mechanical interest which I may and must feel in them is for the purposes of action, self-love or voluntary and rational pursuit thrown away, or absolutely and demonstrably indifferent, null, and void. All action, all volition, all self-love or benevolence, in a word, all moral conduct must relate to the future (for it is over this alone that the will or action has any power), and then in order to appreciate the character of man as a moral agent, either selfish or benevolent, we must see how he stands to this last, or what peculiar faculty there is by which his own future sensations are communicated to his mind and identified with his feelings beforehand, so as to give him a peculiar and exclusive sympathy with, and desire to attach himself to, these alone in preference to all others.

3. Thirdly, then, as to my future being or feelings, which can alone be subjects of active pursuit or rational self-interest, I have no peculiar, nor exclusive faculty whatever, by which I sympathise with these as I do with my present being by means of sensation or with my past being by the help of memory, and which might consequently be the ostensible and necessary plea for setting up an inseparable barrier between the motives urging me to the pursuit of my own welfare or that of others, and making me out a naturally and indisputably selfish being, *i.e.*, agent. My senses do not take part in the question, that's certain; they do not warn me of pleasure or pain to come, and instinctively and irresistibly allure me to the one or repel me from the other, any more than these same senses extend beyond my own actual feelings to the actual feelings of others: neither does memory take cognizance of my future sensations, as it does of my past ones; to suppose it is to transpose the meaning of words and the order of nature. What faculty then remains to be the medium and expositor of my future being and the foundation of my strong personal interest in it? None exists or can be thought of but the imagination or reason, etc., and this gives me no particular, definite, or incommunicable fellow feeling with my own future impressions, and opens a passage to these or excites my sympathy and interest in them in the same or a similar manner to that in which it also makes me conceive, understand and feel an interest in those of others and an active disposition to love and serve them. In their essential and indestructible and only possible foundation, then, "self love and social are the same." In order to establish the doctrine of exclusive and absolute selfishness, it is by the consent of all philosophers necessary to establish or conceive the doctrine of absolute personal identity, and in like manner to establish this last principle it is necessary to suppose a continuity of consciousness so that there is an immediate and inevitable communication between whatever he feels at any period of his abstract existence as much as if it were concentrated and embodied altogether in one intimate and indissoluble act of consciousness. Now this principle, as I have shown, acts retrospectively, or over one half of our existence, which counts for the general inference to the whole; but I deny the same

principle acts prospectively at all, and therefore the general inference, and all connected with it in relation to future personal identity and sympathy with our abstract welfare as a self-evident proposition, falls to the ground of course. I have no fore-consciousness, no presentiment of the future in relation to myself more than others ; or except as a part of the ordinary understood course of nature, to whose laws I, with others, am subjected and form a part of it, consequently no peculiar identity with or interest in it, in a strictly philosophical sense. If I am knocked down by a horse or cart in the street, the blow stuns me. I cannot help feeling as well as being overpowered by it ; also, afterwards I retain a lively recollection and sense of terror in recalling it, but it is then too late to help it, and after the thing has happened, nothing more is to be said or done one way or the other. Now then, as it is only before a thing has happened that anything can be done—to prevent it, if as in this case an evil, the question is whether at this period I have any peculiar sense of it as happening to myself rather than another, and consequent and proportionable dread of it and resolution to avoid it ? I say No, and commonsense will on the smallest consideration give the same answer. If I am walking along the street and a house is going to fall on my head, have I any sense of apprehension of this five minutes before, or any mechanical sympathy with the blow as I have after it has happened, warning me of my danger and deterring me from it ? It is absurd to suppose it for a moment, for in that case I should not go forward and the event whose positive existence is supposed to be the real cause and object of a sensation in me would be turned into a nonentity and leave an effect without a cause. Self-love to be an instinctive or abstract principle, must possess fore-knowledge absolute, the spirit of prophecy or witchcraft—but it is not true, physically or metaphysically, that

Coming events cast their shadows before !

But without this species of second-sight into my own particular case (the converse of memory), without this immediate pressure of my own future lot upon my present feelings prompting to avoid or aid it, without a union and meeting of future contingencies and present impulses in the same abstract sense of personal identity (a thing by this supposition impossible), the doctrine of a practical and preponderating self-love is a chimera and contradiction in terms. If I see a house going to fall and am myself going that way, I put the circumstances together and conclude that if I persist, the house will fall on my head and either crush me or give me a severe pain, from what I have known of similar concussions and contusions ; and as the *idea* of this event and the pain following it is disagreeable to me, it produces a revulsion of my will, and I do all I can to prevent the actual impression from being realised. But in all this, the process is essentially and completely the same as when I see another advancing to the same danger, and about to undergo the same pain, the *idea* of which being the same in itself and there being nothing then but such an idea must in either case form an adequate and natural ground of interest and action and lead

to the same desire and effort to avert the consequence to either one or the other. This conclusion holds good unless it can be shown (the *onus* lies with the self-love theorists) that there is one faculty besides imagination interesting me in my future fate and which takes no note of that of others ; or that my present active self sends forward a kind of proxy of itself before it to which the future evil actually happening the pain and blow that it encounters acts upon my present motives and feelings impelling me thus to use every exertion and contrivance to prevent what ? That which is at the same time in this material, literal, and self-evident system of philosophy acting upon me physically as a future reality by deputy, and which is by this very means to induce me to take measures to prevent its ever becoming a reality at all or anything more than an idle phantom of the imagination. This is beyond the credulity even of prejudice, conceit or passion. The imagination can feign this probably, can conjure up possible hopes and fears, agitating the mind, and saying if we do not act so, such and such things will happen, which may therefore constantly be prevented from happening ; but let those who deny the validity of imaginary motives and interests to produce any practical effect at all, explain how either that which has actually come to pass can produce any rational efforts to influence its existence or how that which will never come to pass can by a species of representation of what has no existence but a problematical one in the brain produce a mechanical and forcible volition to prevent its own existence and consequently to take from it the power of being directly or indirectly the cause of anything *in rerum natura*.

My ignorance of the future proves the impossibility of my identity with it. I may be dead before this time to-morrow : do I know anything of it or feel any alarm on that account or instinctively take any pains to prevent it, unless from previous causes my reason and imagination foresee the probability of such an event, but I assuredly have no such feeling, in virtue of my personal identity with myself or by means of a continued consciousness of my own being and interests, incorporating them into one solid and indissoluble essence upon which consciousness only acts retrospectively. My future self does not stalk before me to receive the blows of fate and transmit them back to me as my past self lingers behind me, carrying the pack of all my weal and woe. What is before us in time is not like what is before us in space ; or if the real event could give us warning of itself and so by exciting a real interest or an interest reflected from the reality and furnishing a substantial ground of action respecting it, then this would lead, as already said, to the contradiction of the same thing happening and not happening, its future reality being the cause of a motive to prevent it, and this motive founded on its existence, preventing it from existing. Such are some of the absurdities involved in the doctrine of absolute self-interest and abstract identity, which would take a Jonathan Edwards or a Berkeley to point them out fully.

It follows from this chain of reasoning that an *idea* is virtually and *per se* the sole possible ground of volition and action. If we suppose the interest

producing voluntary action to hinge upon the reality, then this interest partakes of the certainty or impossibility of the reality and in either way supersedes all reasonable action. This can only proceed upon the supposition of the idea that something which we conceive of as possible under certain circumstances or with certain "appliances and means to boot," and which either by administering or withholding these means, may be either prevented or brought about. All voluntary action relates to the future. It is absurd to will that which is or has been to be or not to be, since no efforts of the will can have any influence in altering one or the other. The object of all passion and of all pursuit being to produce or to prevent something which we desire or dread, therefore the motive leading to voluntary action can never be the thing itself, which is the object of action, but must always be the idea of that thing conceived of before it exists, for the thing itself is by the supposition a nonentity and cannot be the real cause of any thing, or any interest or action. The object is never the motive of voluntary action. This must be merely an idea of that thing and if this is pronounced insufficient to produce such practical important consequences then there can be neither self-love nor benevolence, for there is no other kind of action possible either in our case or in the case of others. As it is allowed on all hands that an idea of good or evil (not the good or evil itself) is in our own case a sufficient and irresistible motive to action, and by this that has been said that this idea is not strengthened in our own case by any peculiar, mechanical impulse confining and enforcing it in that particular direction, it therefore follows that this idea when fully and distinctly conceived must be in itself a sufficient and powerful motive of action and volition. It has been argued before now that if the sensation of anything be good and desirable, the idea of that thing (being of like nature) must by parity of reasoning be also good and desirable; but it has never been shown till now that I am aware of that it was impossible that it should be otherwise, and that it is the *idea* of a thing only that is or can be the object of love or desire in the voluntary sense of these terms. The sight of a face, for instance, is fair and pleasing: why then, it is asked by Bishop Butler and others, should not the idea of that face be also pleasing? Good or evil in itself is an object of desire or aversion: how then, without changing the nature of these objects, should we separate the emotions of desire or aversion from the idea of them respectively whether relating to ourselves or others? This is candid and plausible enough: what I have shown above must be the case; for that the reality or positive sensation never is nor can be the motive of action, and that if the idea is not sufficient for this purpose, there can be neither volition nor action, and since no other is possible, is the nature of things and by the very enunciation of the terms. There are various ways in which the force of this logical or chronological dilemma may be attempted to be eluded, and in answering them I may be able to open up the view of the original proposition more clearly than I otherwise could. First, it may be denied that the future alone is the object of action, for that if I thrust my hand by accident into the flame of a candle, I

suddenly draw it back to avoid the present pain, and that it is the sensation in this case that is the immediate motive of action. Secondly, it may be said that it isn't the idea of the good that is the determining motive of my choice, but the idea or condition annexed *that it is wise* that attaches me to it, and sets aside my previous and natural indifference. Thirdly, that though in my own case I do not feel the future good or evil, yet it is I who am to feel it, and yet this makes the essential and indeed all the difference between the pursuit of my own future welfare and that of others, so that I have an intimate and unavoidable interest in the one, and none at all in the other. Fourthly, it will be insisted on that habit and association give me a strong attachment to and knowledge of my own interests and pursuits, and proportionably wean and alienate me from taking the same share in the passions, follies, schemes, etc., of others, which are to me (seriously speaking) *vox et praeterea nihil*. Of these in their order, and I can only say of them, *Valeant quantum valent* !

1. The first is an extreme case, but it will be found upon examination to confirm the rule. I do not deny that the actual sense often strengthens the imaginary dread and desire to put an end to it ; but it could not do this if the latter were naturally powerless and incapable of being stimulated into efficient action. The distinction I lay down is this. Volition or action implies the use of means to ends, a series (longer or shorter) of causes and effects : the means precede the ends, the volition to employ them precedes the means, therefore the motive always precedes the end aimed at, which is the rationale of its existence, or in other words, voluntary action always and universally points to the future and could have no existence but with reference to it. As writhing or convulsion may be caused physically by the mere pain, but with a deliberate effort (however sudden) to get rid of it. This implies the fear of its continuance, the hope of its cessation, the idea of myself as continuing to be exposed to the same infliction, the means to avoid this, as probably the encountering a greater degree of immediate pain to be relieved from it the moment after, all which suppose an intellectual being and capacity to take an interest in the rapid combinations and anticipations it makes (so rapid and vivid as to be taken for the reality) for it is demonstrable and undeniable that [MS. illegible] a merely animal or sentient being could feel no conception or idea of anything beyond the actual infliction of pain and that a being incapable of feeling a [MS. illegible] and being actuated by ideal or prospective motives could neither feel a wish nor lift a finger to avoid the most acute and imminent tortures which could be so avoided. The actual pain enlivens, I grant, the apprehension of pain as the sight of the object conveys the sense of danger or the taste of liquor the drunkard's thirst. But so the sight of another in danger produces a sudden and involuntary terror, and then having felt certain pains ourselves makes us more sensible of them in others. *Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco*. It is a general rule that those who do not feel at all for others, feel but little for themselves.

2. It is said it is not to good or happiness but to myself that I am attached ; or that I will my own good, but because it is good, but because it is mine. At this rate, I should also will my own evil, for that also is mine. There must be something in the contemplation of the different qualities of good or evil that calls forth such opposite affections ; it cannot be their happening to me for the circumstance is common to both and these different and powerful affections must be excited by the idea of good and evil, for this reason, that it is impossible from their very nature as voluntary affections that anything else should excite them. But if I can't separate this idea of good and evil in relation to myself for certain affections and impulses, though that relation to myself is not the appropriate cause of their existence, then though they should be transferred to others, they will still contain in themselves the germ and native principles of all the same affections and moral sympathies and consequences.

3. It is not I who feel my future pleasure or pain, but nevertheless it is I who am to feel it, and this makes an absolute distinction in the case between myself and another. It must then be from the idea that this will be the case, not from the fact which might influence one hereafter when too late or as the critic of my past conduct not the present conduct itself, which brings us back to the old question. It is true the connection with or attachment to my future self (*par excellence*) would impose such an exclusive obligation on my present self, supposing it to exist, but this is the very point at issue.

4. But surely there is a difference between a real and a merely imaginary interest in anything. Certainly in relation to the objects contemplated, as whether they are true or false. But the distinction says nothing for blind, exclusive self-love. The joys or woes of others are as real and in that sense as little imaginary as my own can possibly be, and the only object of the philosophy of disinterestedness is to conform our affection and views more to the truth of things in nature, and to have them less warped and narrowed to names which are prejudices or to our senses which are no judges in our case or that of others.

But, lastly, habit and familiarity make us better acquainted with our own feelings, accustom us more to consult our own inclinations and consequently give us a stronger and more unequivocal attachment to ourselves. This is undoubtedly and unavoidably true, and the whole truth of the argument brought the extent of the prejudice here contended, for habit is not nature ; the difference here contended for and admitted is arbitrary and one of degree and not of kind, and the same difference takes place with regard to others for the same cause of habit and acquaintance, so that we are attached to friends, children, etc., in the like proportion and for the same reason as to ourselves, namely, according to our sympathy with and knowledge of their wants and habit of serving and interesting ourselves in their welfare, and it is on the same foundation that the super-structure of self-love is raised, and not on any metaphysical identity with ourselves and absolute and insurmountable reparation both of pity, sympathy and

interest with all the rest of the world. If so, we could never under any circumstances feel more for one than another. Self would absorb not only all general and fantastic benevolence, but all family, private and what is called *natural affection* in its iron grasp. These natural affections are not emanations of our love of self, but our love of self is nothing but the closest and strongest of them formed out of a general principle of love of good strengthened and determined to a particular point (which some will therefore make an exclusive and original one) by circumstances, indulgence, prejudice, and habit.

I have thus endeavoured to show what self is and what it is not ; and the limits which are consequently set to the doctrine of self-love. This ceases the moment it becomes practical, or any advantage can be drawn from it for ourselves or against others. I have a strong and intimate sympathy with my past and present self (or what may be termed a real interest), and as this self is continually moving forward and the resemblance holds good, the same idea of self and of a real interest is transferred to the future and stamped upon my personal motives, though the latter are wholly and absolutely *ideal*. That self which I, as it were, project before me into the future, that interest which I feel and take in it, is but a shadow of the past : it has nothing solid or self evident in it. But from the mere resemblance of my past self my future self and the strong natural or habitual sympathy I have with it, the future imaginary self and self interest is taken for an actual substance and raised to an equality and transformed into an identity with my downright positive existence, as seamen mistake clouds in the horizon. My proceeding to reason, feel and act upon this projected shadowy conception as a present truth instead of shewing a nullity of imagination, shows its strength and establishes as fact and beyond contradiction that imaginary motives and interest, instead of being good for nothing are just as good as any others, being in fact mistaken for them and acted upon as such all our lives. Nature in constructing our personal identity does just as men in constructing a mole into the sea : as far as they have gone or up to the present point it affords solid footing and they can walk backwards and forwards in security and confidence on what is already built, but to suppose that because it is to be continued on the same plan and so much farther, they can proceed forward on the imaginary mole as on the real one, and walk over the pier head on the strength of an hypothesis would be the same absurdity as those fall into who fancy they have always the same interest in themselves because they are themselves, and that the stress they lay in theory and practice on their own future interest is real and not imaginary, like that they take in that of anyone else.

POPULAR BALLADS AND SONGS—III

(Chiefly Scottish)

With some examples of the Music

By JEFFREY MARK

V

But in spite of such questionable stuff as described in these last few paragraphs, and certain other tunes and poems which are too sophisticated to be categorised as popular, the eighteenth and late seventeenth centuries produced much which can definitely be recognised as the legitimate continuation of the early ballad tradition. In these times, too, there was not lacking a variety of warlike or stirring events which would be likely to sting the popular imagination into composition. The resulting activity was chiefly confined, however (as in the case of the efforts of Burns, Scott, Hogg and others already mentioned), to the writing of new and "topical" verses to some tune already in existence. With the exception of the Anglo-Scottish imitations already discussed, the definitely reel and hornpipe compositions of the Gow family, and a few isolated—but usually quite excellent—tunes by James Oswald, there is very little in the way of genuine Scottish popular music which can be given a date later than the seventeenth century. In the case of the few songs about Claverhouse and Killiecrankie (1689), either as an expression of Highland exultation or a Lowlander's comic realisation of defeat (as in *The Braes o' Killiecrankie*), the tunes would seem to have sprung up with the words; but in nearly all those brought into being by the '15 or '45 rebellions, the words were written to tunes which were popular long before these events. One of the most famous of these was written about the Battle of Sheriffmuir (1715) in sarcastic celebration of its wavering issues and uncertain termination. It was composed to an amusing, jog-trotting, and entirely appropriate tune called *John Paterson's Mare rides foremost*, and begins as follows:

There's some say that we wan, and some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man;
But ae thing I'm sure that at Sheriffmuir,
A battle there was that I saw, man.

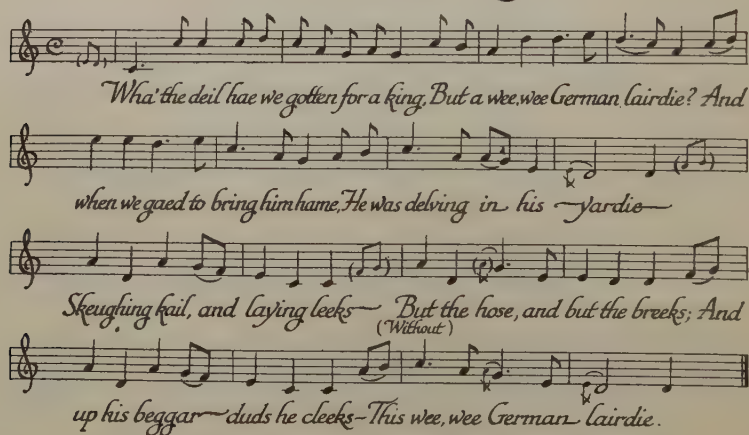
[Cho.: And we ran, and they ran; and they ran, and we ran, etc.]

Similarly in 1745, the best known expression (apart from *Charlie is my darling*, the tune and words of which are both comparatively modern) is the song known as *Hey, Johnie Cope*, written to an old tune called *Fly to the hills in the morning*, which commemorates—again in heavy sarcastic fashion—the defeat of Sir John Cope at Prestonpans in that year. To those

people in the war who happened, at any time, to be stationed near to certain Scottish regiments, this fine and stirring tune will possibly be a little too familiar. It was used by certain regimental pipe-bands in the place of the English bugle-blown "reveille," and was played over and over by them, as they marched about the camp, until there was not the remotest possibility of anyone being asleep for miles around.

Not only were songs written about definite historical events, for, after the revolution of 1688, the Jacobite section in Scotland expressed themselves pretty forcibly in a series of songs which had for their common theme "The Devil was the first Whig." These outbursts, such as "Awa', Whigs, awa'," and "Such a parcel of rogues in a nation" are remarkable for their vigour and bitterness. A few others, such as "The Auld Stuarts back again" were written at various times when hopes ran high for the return of the old Monarchy; but when the Hanoverian succession was finally established in the person of George I, the common hatred and contempt for the poor bearing and unkingly habits of the new sovereign were expressed in a composition called *The wee, wee German Lairdie*—which would have been terribly humiliating to him for whom it was intended, if only he could have understood it. The first verse of this, with the tune, is given below :

(Ex. II.) . *The wee, wee German Lairdie.*



Wha' the deil hae we gotten for a king, But a wee, wee German lairdie? And
when we gaed to bring him hame, He was delving in his yardie—
Skeughing hail, and laying leeks— But the hose, and but the breeks; And
up his beggar—duds he cleeks—This wee, wee German lairdie.

To turn, however, to less violent issues, it will be seen that, as in an earlier period, many beautiful things were prompted by the more ordinary affairs of life. It is to such works as these that people usually turn when they bethink themselves of the "beauties of Scottish Song"; but unfortunately it is only comparatively inferior (and often quite modern) specimens which are familiar to them. The love-song, in particular, is a type which is common to all nations, but there are certain Scottish ones which are so much bound up with other things, and are so peculiarly local in their background, that they call for special notice. Here such things as

*The Birks of Abergeldy** are referred to, where a few verses about "gowns o' silk," "coats o' calimanco" and "an angry minnie" set to a tune of rare and simple beauty, cause a tumult in the hearts—I suppose, of only some of us; or *The Waulking o' the Fauld* where the shepherd expresses himself most pleased with his Peggy when they are keeping a night watch together at the ewe-bughts to prevent the weaned lambs from getting back to their mothers; or *Logie of Buchan*, where an air which catches the lingering sadness of the words, is joined to a first verse as below:

O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie, the laird,
 They hae ta'en awa' Jamie that delyed in the yard.
 He play'd on his pipes, and his viol sae sma',
 They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, the pride o' them a'.
 He said, "Think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa',"
 He said, "Think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa',
 For the simmer will come when cauld winter's awa',
 And I'll come and see thee, in spite o' them a'."

—but more particularly to such songs as *Saw ye Johnie Coming*, *Wanderin' Willie*, and *Aye waukin, O*, where the expression springs from such intimate sources in Lowland psychology, that it must be sensed before it can be appreciated. The words of the first will not bear a detached scrutiny—even a kindly one; but the air makes it a living and tender thing. The second, beginning

Here awa', there awa', wanderin' Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame.

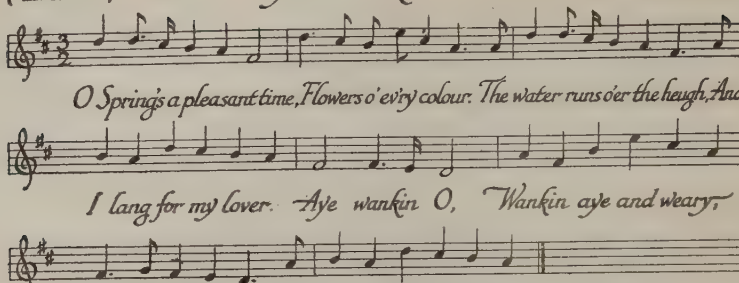
is realised in a tune which Burns was extremely fond of, and describes a type of person, who, in the intensity of his predilections, is more or less peculiar to the moors of the Lowlands. An uneasy fellow, who is so much drawn to the outside and the open air, that "he canna bide in the hoose for mair than a minnit at a tyme." His wife knows his wandering habits; humours him as much as possible; would not have him curbed and changed, for somewhere in the depths of her entirely different consciousness she realises and sympathises with his craving; but knows that she must interfere and control if she is to have even a part of him—so that it is only with half-a-heart and a poignant realisation of the hopelessness of it all, that she says:

Now have I gotten my Willie again.

The third is not beautiful in the conventional sense at all. As in the case of *Saw ye Johnie coming?* there is a strange intimacy between the words and the tune (note, for instance, its pacing restlessness at "Waukin, aye", and the long weariness of the cadence): it is so simply true that it hovers between beauty and foolishness, but with the least touch of imaginative sympathy, it becomes at once supremely affecting.

* See my arrangement of this as a part-song for S.A.T.B. (published by Stainer and Bell).

(Ex. 12.) "Aye Wankin' O!"



O Spring's a pleasant time, Flowers o' evry colour. The water runs o'er the heugh, And
 I lang for my lover. Aye wankin' O, Wankin' aye and weary,
 Sleep I can get nane, For thinkin' o' my dearie.

But possibly the most characteristic, and certainly the most vivid and vigorous, expression is contained in the numerous satirical and richly humorous songs of the times concerning wooings, marriage and after-marriage quarrels; an expression which leaves Chambers (*Scottish Songs prior to Burns*) "bewildered . . . when [he thinks] of the general sombreness of Scottish rustic life, and the zealous efforts of the clergy, by fines and censures, to prevent all dancing and other joyance at weddings." Knowing, however, that in any affair calling for a spirit of straightforward "tipsy jest and jollity," the Scot can usually go one better than his neighbour, we are simply bewildered that anyone should be. One of the oldest of the marriage-quarrel songs is *Tak' your auld Cloak about ye*, a fragment of which is sung by Iago during the drinking-scene in *Othello*. When it is seen that the earliest other record of this is contained in the Ramsay *Miscellany* of 1724, it will be realised how difficult it is to fix an actual limit to the age of many of these songs. But for this chance indication that a fragment was popular some time before 1600, it would have been put down—from an examination in its first complete form—as dating from somewhere in the middle of the seventeenth century. Actually the song tells of how the wife sends her "guidman" out into the night to bring in the cows, how the husband grumbles that he should "have a new cloak about (him)" for such a cold job, and how the wife finally silences him by the comparison contained in the verse below:

In days when our King Robert rang, [reigned]
 His trews they cost but half-a-croon,
 He said they were a groat ower dear,
 An' ca'd the tailor thief and loon.
 He was the King that wore the croon,
 An' thous' the man of laigh degree,
 It's pride puts a' the country doon,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

This, however, is quite mild in sentiment and expression, when compared with others, such as that beginning "O an' ye were deid, guidman" where the wife callously explains that she waits for his death to "wair (her)

widowheid upon a rantin' Hielan'man," or in the more famous *Hooly and Fairly* where the following selected details as to his wife's drinking habits will show that the husband had some slight justification for his complaints :

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,
An' syne she drank her bonnie new goon ;
She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely—

* * * * *

Wad she drink her ain things, I wadna care,
But she drinks my claes, that I canna weel spare—

* * * * *

At kirk an' market I'm cover'd but barely,
O *gin* my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

In a country, and at a time, when there was no outside provision made for their amusement, and certainly no likelihood of any professional entertainments coming their way, the people of the more lonely districts saw to it that the customary festivities provided at marriages, kurn-suppers, housewarmings and the like, should become a definite and unavoidable duty upon each. Thus it is that in all songs describing the preliminary arrangements for, or the actual "hirdum-dirdums" at, a marriage, a fiddler and a "waddin'-dinner" are provided, even if the newly-married pair (as in *Magie's Tocher* below) are only to receive "an auld beddin' o' claiths left me by my mither" to keep the cold out. The neighbours must be entertained at all costs. There must be no stint of food or drink, and every effort must be made to make the affair "siccan a day (as) there nivver was" (*Muirland Willie*). It is upon some such rude system of instinctive social decree, that (apart from the usual ethnological explanation) funerals become "an excuse" for feasting and drinking. The average Englishman will never be able to understand the Scotsman's attitude in this ; he will always be either amused or frankly horrified. Not being a Scotsman myself (I was born and brought up about six miles outside the danger zone), I will not attempt to explain, but will quote, a remark made to me by a Border farmer a few days after he had been to the funeral of a friend :

A dacent mon !—an' he gied us some gran' ham at his funeral.

It is significant that the ham was regarded as "his," and not as a perfunctory provision made for the occasion by his wife, daughters or sorrowing relatives.

But to get back from deaths to marriages again ! Before the wedding was agreed upon, it was essential that the bridegroom should declare his substance and that the bride's father, in return, should make some statement as to his daughter's "Tocher," or marriage portion. The mother of the bride was usually present at this interview, but the bride herself does not seem to have had much say in the matter (*see* verse below from *Magie's Tocher*). One of the earliest songs on this subject, *The wooing*

of *Jenny and Jock*, actually appears in the Bannatyne MS. of 1568, and describes, with the help of a very lively tune, how Jock gives a detailed and interesting account of his "guids and gear," after having received a similarly minute enumeration as to Jenny's tocher from her father-in-law. A bargain is struck, and

Syne gaed thegither Jenny and Jock.

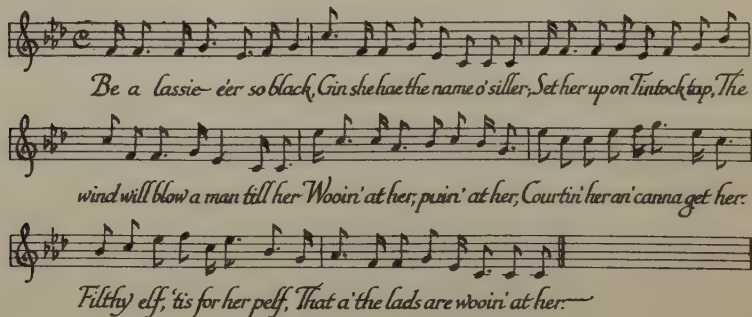
Muirland Willie and *I hae laid a herring in saut* both belong probably to the seventeenth century (although fragments of the latter, such as the characteristic line "I canna come ilka day to woo" occur in both English and Scottish popular literature of the middle sixteenth century). They are a little one-sided, however, with respect to the marriage-portion ceremony. In the first, Willie alone is made to show that he has "eneuch o' gear," and in the second the bridegroom—as each item is told over—anxiously asks :

Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now

(For) I canna come ilka day to woo.

Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen is another seventeenth-century song describing the wooing of Tibbie, and a characteristic verse is quoted below to show off the tune—with its heavy, rolling gait, one of the most sweeping and powerful I have ever come across. Tibbie is an ugly "filthy elf," and the song describes in boisterous, cynical humour how her many suitors (up to the extravagant number of 42) crowd round to begin their "wooin' at her."

(Ex.13.) " *Tibbie Fowler* "



Be a lassie- e'er so black, Gin she hae the name o' siller, Set her up on Tintock tap, The
wind will blow a man till her Wooni' at her; puin' at her; Courtin' her an' canna get her.
Filthy elf, 'tis for her pelf, That a' the lads are wooni' at her.

The Blythsome Bridal, another seventeenth-century piece described by Lord Napier (1831) as "a better thing than Horace ever wrote," gives a remarkable picture of the actual eating, drinking and dancing at these affairs. The men and women present are all enumerated and humorously distinguished from each other by some characteristic physical quality (as "plookie-fac'd Watt," "capper-nosed Gibbie," "splaef-fitted Bessy," and "mizly-chinned, flytin' Geordie"). The amount and variety of things

eaten, from " lang-kale, pottage, and bannocks o' barley meal . . . sybows, reefarts and carlins " to

Singit sheip-heidis and a haggis
And scadlips to sup till ye're fou.

is something quite stupefying. *Magie's Tocher*, another song of the same period, like *The Blythsome Bridal*, is sung to a non-stop breathless sort of tune in nine-eight time. Willie makes court to Magie, and having " speir'd at the guidman " and " syne at Giles the mither," declares

An ye wad gie's a bit land
We'd (*i.e.*, himself and Magie) buckle us e'en thegither.

The guidman, however, will not part with his land, and indeed has little to offer Willie beyond the " auld beddin' o' claiths " referred to above. It eventually turns out that the young man himself " looks sae crouse " (boldly) only because his horse, boots and cloak are all borrowed. The father likes his straightforwardness, and the marriage is arranged. The whole thing is admirable, and in a strikingly direct way makes light and humorous a story which, at best, is based on the grim and desperate poverty of both parties. The last verse is given below ; the flying reference to the inevitable fiddler gives the final, clinching touch to the picture :

" A bargain it maun be
Fy cry on Giles the mither "
" Content am I," quo she,
" E'en gar the hissie come hither."
The bride she gade till her bed,
The bridegroom he cam' till her,
The fidler crap in at the fit,
An' they cuddl'd it a' thegither.

VI

It may seem strange to end this survey with a quotation as above—on a note so far removed from the rare spirit of the early ballads. One important feature, however (the common denominator, in fact, which determines them both as " popular ") they have in common. They are both derived clean from the times in which they were written, and are a straight manifestation of the mentality of the people who produced them. More than the " reflection " or the " criticism of life " of literary literature, where period peculiarities can be discerned and indicated, the message here is *direct*. That one should be so entirely different from the other is simply and obviously explained by the fact that times change—and, of course, the peoples with them. The most noticeable difference to be observed between late and early popular literature is the development of the element of humour. In all Child's collection, there are only about five or six pieces which are definitely " humorous," and some even of these (on the grounds of a differentiation already outlined) are really " songs." The ballads were

composed in a spirit of high and natural seriousness ; humour seems to have been a thing outside the mentality of the people who made them, and the temper of the incidents they sang about. When it does occasionally creep in, it is so grim as to be more unpleasant than amusing.

Another point which I should like to touch briefly upon before finishing an essay which has already grown far beyond my original intentions, is as to how and when (if at all) popular poetry ceased to be. It is maintained, for instance, by some that a veneration of these old, and often corrupt fragments of poetry and music is preposterous ; that the foolish songs which are popular to-day will be the ballads and folk-songs of 500 years hence, and, as such, are equally deserving of admiration ; that the ballads have a sentimental and spurious interest which all old things have for a certain type of mind, and, at best, are glossed over with the enchantment which distance lends to the view.

Let us first make a counter-statement. The faculty of ballad making went from the people in the early seventeenth century, and that of song-writing in the eighteenth : both have apparently gone for ever, so that those genuine specimens which are left to us have a high value put upon them—as in the case of all things which are unique or incapable of reproduction. If we recall our rough differentiation that the ballads are communal in conception and execution, but the songs in conception only, we will set by the side of this the statement that the present-day variety is communal in neither. To describe their actual characteristics would be tedious and uninteresting ; it will be sufficient to say that they are chiefly the commercial exploitation of a love which is traditionally inherent in all nations and peoples.

But even if this exploitation were made impossible, we should still be unable to make ballads and songs ; good or bad “ art-songs ” are now alone possible. “ Songs *for* the people ” as opposed to “ Songs *of* the people ” are the order of the day, because the communal instinct in Art is not only passing away from us in everything, but even the shadow of it is deliberately avoided. Everywhere the cry is for the development of the individual—the creation of new and interesting varieties ; anything, in fact, to get away from the criminal boredom and the bogey dullness of a type. There is no sympathy with group manifestations (the psychologist is intellectually interested only, and carries out a merely cold-blooded dissection of impulses) ; even the crowd is disgusted with itself, and, at the play or cinema, turns away from the “ crudities ” of its own life, and, in a marvellous spirit of detachment, is regaled by a continuous pageant peopled by dukes, millionaires, poets, artists and others such. The whole organisation, that is to say, for popular amusement proceeds from outside and is foisted on from outside. If there is still something within, any timid bubble which may betray the impulse below is pricked as it appears on the surface.

The consequence is, that whereas before, both literary and popular poetry and music were possible, with a fair standard maintained in each,

now we have only the former variety, embracing a tremendous range of good and bad stuff—each separate creation proceeding from a definite individual consciousness. Whereas before, the guiding principle (instinctively and not deliberately felt) was that all bad art is anti-social, now such a principle is not only discredited, but laughed to scorn. In the ballads, the insistence on the strong ties of family relationship in many, the fine call to brotherhood in arms in *Bewick and Graeme*, and the heroic note in others (put positively, and not as a sermonising or moralising on the bad effects of anti-social tendencies), there is a trumpet-call to those instincts which preserve and perpetuate the potentiality of race ; nowadays a man may be as poisonous as a snake, or speak with the breath of fever—so long as he is “ interesting,” he can be as deadly or unhealthy as he pleases. In the old, a fierce clean vigour and virility ; in the new, the inevitable creeping in of the spurious romantic and sentimental elements in the work of the “ sincere, honest ” artist who aspires to do “ great work,” or the degeneration to flippancy or preciousness in that of the superior spirit who lives on air, and talks about the Absolute.

This is not a moan or a wail. It is hoped that the best of modern achievement is judged and admired in the spirit in which it is wrought, although nothing here has been said to its good. But it may explain (to those who find it so difficult to understand) why some people are so much taken up with things that are “ over and done with ”—and, incidentally, why anyone should be persuaded to write such a deuce of a long essay about them. Stevenson (*Memories and Portraits*), when trying to explain a personal infatuation with similar things which trail up from the past and cling about the present, confesses to a definite consciousness derived from his forbears which makes him “ thrill to things he has never done or seen ”—a consciousness, moreover, which he maintains is present, to some degree, in every man. (“ Are you a Bank Clerk, and do you live in Peckham ? It was not always thus.”). So it is that “ the fortune of a tale [and, in this case, an essay] depends not alone on the skill of him who writes, but as much, perhaps, on the inherited experience of him who reads ”: for these ballads and songs also are “ aged things with the dew of man’s morning ” still upon them.

SIR HALL CAINE AND THE GREATEST PUBLIC

By P. MORTON SHAND

IT is often one of the most baffling tasks for criticism to discover wherein lies the wider appeal of a book, and especially of those modern novels which, though they sell in hundreds of thousands, are usually considered rank outlaws from the province of fine literature. The problem, if not altogether new, is as recent as the coming of age of that vast body of potential readers enfranchised by the passing of the Education Acts. There have been many "popular" writers of English fiction in the past, from Richardson to Lord Lytton and Mrs. Aphra Behn to Mrs. Henry Wood, but the first English novelist to win a public on what may, perhaps, be called the grand scale was Dickens. Dickens did not merely break fallow ground in writing about "the lower orders"; he wrote, quite definitely, as much for, as concerning, them. Indeed, the criticism levelled against him in his day was that, in contrast to Thackeray, he was unable to draw the portrait of a gentleman. With Dickens, then, that deliberate appeal to the wider and ever-growing reading public may be said to have begun: an appeal which necessarily entailed certain important modifications of accepted literary conventions, together with the sacrifice of the more austere and purely intellectual standards of culture. It is easy to dismiss enquiry into the extended popularity of an author, or a book, with contemptuous sarcasm, for the taste of half-educated minds. This is not criticism, and leaves the problem itself untouched. Some merit there must be, whether "literary" or not; otherwise people would not buy these books in prodigious quantities. The 1921 figures show that of *The Eternal City* (published 1901) a million copies of the English edition alone had been sold; *The Christian* (1897)—655,000; *The Prodigal Son* (1904)—500,000; *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* (1913)—475,000; *The Bondman* (1890)—470,000; *The Manxman* (1894)—400,000; and of *The Deemster* (1887) fifty-two editions. The translations range through every language from modern Greek to Japanese.

Popular authors reflect accurately the culture, morals and ideals, together with the prevalent level of literacy, of the great mass of the population in their age, and thus offer more information for the social historian than works of finer craftsmanship, which enjoy a more restricted appreciation and less immediate influence. Were we a Latin people, it is possible that the bulk of the wage-earners of the Industrial Era would have turned to a harsh and bitter realism in which life was painted for them brutally as they knew it, or to ruthless satires on those who exclusively enjoy the earth and the fullness thereof. In this country, reading made the masses

desire romantic virtues, romantic vices, and a romantic setting in fiction and the drama. The English, a people stoutly realistic of outlook in the past, have become increasingly romantic in mentality since the dawn of the Factory Age and the growth of the great manufacturing towns. Romanticism begat emotionalism, which in turn begat sentimentality. Wesley and the Evangelical Movement were the first symptoms of what was to prove a rapid and sweeping change in the national temperament. After the hysteria of the Mafeking celebrations in 1900 it became impossible for us to be considered any longer the reserved, undemonstrative race which foreign observers had hitherto declared us to be. The inevitable reaction from the drudgery and monotony of existence in the mean surroundings of the workers in factories and offices, bred, especially among women, a desire to "escape from life," its grim realities, drab duties and cheerless responsibilities, by the opiate of a fiction largely remote from human nature or daily life, as these knew them, though with a factitious resemblance to both. The more sanguine spirits, especially among the youths, turned to books of adventure and mystery, and particularly to detective stories. Thus do the heroines and heroes of popular fiction, sublimations in idealism of the girl at her typewriter or bench of spindles, the boy at his desk or shop-counter, become endowed with glamour. They never waver in a sublime faith in Prince Charming, or relax from the pursuit of the Golden Girl, till the "happily ever afterwards" of a full choral service crowns their ultimate romances at the cathedral steps. These are spared all preoccupations with earning their own living, clocking-in, rent, fuel, food, wear and tear of boot-leather; or if, perchance, some concession to actuality is made in this direction it is in a manner wholly unconvincing but sovereignly genteel:

For the writer whose grip is strong, whose romance is really romantic, whose pathos is pathetic, whose power is powerful, there is an ever-increasing clamour . . . whether he is a journalist, novelist, or dramatist, whether he raises his curtain on tragedy or farce, in high life or low life, on the land or on the sea, an immense audience is always waiting to welcome him. . . . The theory of fiction, as I understand it, is not to offer mock history or a substitute for fact, but to present a thought in the form of a story, with as much realism as the requirements of idealism will permit.

What, then, is the nature of this idealism, which must be the first consideration in successful popular fiction? The answer, it would seem, is simply that roseate glamour which shall make any given story just romantically improbable enough to convince the reader that it could not have taken place in his own life or environment, and yet render it just realistic enough for him or her to feel that it might, perhaps, after all, were one granted "a second time on earth," have happened to his or her idealised self as well as to another. A simple instance of this sovereign compound is afforded by the short official interview in Whitehall between the young Deemster Victor Stowell and the Home Secretary in *The Master of Man*.

Asked whether he is married he answers that he is not, but hopes soon to be so :

“ Daughter of the Governor, isn't she ? ”

“ Yes, but that is not her chief characteristic, Sir.”

“ What is it ? ”

“ That she is the loveliest and noblest woman in the world.”

A young girl, unaware of his identity, meets her father again after many years :

Her eyes were full—she knew not why. Nature was saying something to her at last—she knew not what.

Is it a young woman first realising that she is in love ?

The glorious choir of love-birds in her bosom were singing so loud that she could say no more.

or the description of an old woman :

Her hair was white that had once been dark, and her face, which had been full of the loveliness of love and the beauty of happiness, was scored deep with lines of suffering.

Is it the contemplation of death ?

It was bitter to comfort himself with the thought that he was dead—dead in disgrace and in a foreign country, with no mother's tears falling on his face and no child weeping by his side, that tragic consolation of the dying.

Or its grandeur ?

—Death . . . waited for him somewhere. Somewhere and at some time—some day in the year, some place on earth. Perhaps his eyes knew the date in the calendar, perhaps his feet knew the spot on the land, yet he knew neither. Somewhere and at some time—God knew where—God knew when—He kept his own secrets.

“ If a beginner were to ask me what school I consider best for a novelist ” [Sir Hall Caine says in an autobiographical work, *My Story*], “ I should answer without hesitation, the school of journalism . . . But journalism to be the best school for the novelist, must be the journalism of the police court, the divorce court, the hospital and the jail, where human nature is real and stark, if vulgar and low—not the journalism of society where humanity is trying its poor best to wear a mask.”

Yet in an actual court scene, it is thus that the Newnham girl heroine (“ the loveliest and noblest of women ”) is made to denounce the nameless lover of an infanticide girl-mother, whom she knows to be not only her own betrothed, but also the judge sitting on the case : “ Shame on him ! Let no good man own him for a friend ! Let no good woman take him for a husband ! ”

Doubtless similar incidents do happen in court from time to time, but it is clear that in this case “ the requirements of idealism ” have had more to do with the choice of scene and words, than any sterner regard for the humdrum realities of life. There is a letter of Victor Stowell's describing his doings on a visit to London, addressed to the same lady :

When I was last in London I spent my days and nights in the hotels, restaurants, theatres and music-halls that are the lovely and beloved world of women. It is the world of women still, but quite another realm of it. Two nights ago I strolled westwards along Oxford Street, and thought (with a lump in my throat) about De Quincey and his Ann. . . . I tipped the porter to let me walk through Brick Court, and stood a long half-hour before a house in the silent little square, thinking of the day when the women of the town sat on the stairs while poor Noll (Oliver Goldsmith) lay dead in his room above. And then, coming out into Fleet Street (midnight now) where the big printing-presses were throbbing behind dark buildings, I tried to think I saw the great old Johnson, God bless him, picking up the prostitute from the pavement, carrying her home on his back and laying her on his bed.

This can almost be paraphrased from a passage in *My Story*, where Sir Hall Caine describes his own night wanderings, observing the human jettison of the streets, in the London of his early journalistic days. Here, again, the style, straightforward enough narrative at the outset, soars at one flight into a period of glowing oratory :

It was not a bad apprenticeship for a novelist to live among associates and scenes like these ; but I think I can say with truth that what I prize most as the result of the experiences of those days, is the tenderness it left for the poor and the oppressed, especially the oppressed among girls and women, whose sufferings utter a cry which even yet threatens to drown for me all the other sounds of life.

And, indeed, sincere, even noble, though the rather mawkishly expressed sentiment is, it is true that this cry does, in a melodramatic and moralised form, only too often drown for him those other voices, probability, proportion and even coherence itself. "Holy women with angels hovering over you, who dares to think of devils tempting your innocence and love ?" is but a commonplace of this imperious call.

John Storm, the curate hero of *The Christian*, expresses his life's mission in these ringing words :

"Then," he said, lifting a suffering and twitching face, "to make an attack on the one mighty stronghold of the devil, whereof woman is the direct and immediate victim ; to tell Society over again it is an organised hypocrisy for the pursuit and demoralisation of women, and the Church that bachelorhood is not celibacy, and polygamy is against the laws of God ; to look and search for the beaten and broken who lie scattered and astray in our bewildered cities, and to protect and shelter them whatever they are, however low they have fallen, because they are my sisters and I love them."

Nor is the claque spared :

"God bless ye, laddie ! That's spoken like a man," said the old woman. . . .
 "We are all human, even if we are all gentlemen,"

is his wordly vicar's view of the same problem, while the Prime Minister's private secretary thinks that "for this polygamy of our

'lavender-glove-tribe' the nation itself will be overtaken by the judgment of God one of these days."

Sir Hall Caine, then, satisfies the initial requirement of popular fiction in that he is paramourly romantic, often to the verge of verbal hysteria. His romanticism has two main currents, which are embodied as often as not in the same thought or utterance :—the chivalric-feministic mission and the evangelical-religious vision :

"And so," said Philip bitterly, "to save the man above from social suicide, the girl beneath must choose moral death. Is it that?"

But his feminism clothes no political aim and is directed against no remediable evil. For the basic passions to which the flesh is heir, marriage is still the great harbour of refuge. The plea is not for the equality of the sexes, which he rejects as physiologically impossible, but for the compassionate protection of women by men—the last sort of sympathy or support the suffragist movement desired :

When a good woman falls from honour, is it merely that she is a victim of momentary intoxication, of stress of passion, of the fever of instinct? No. It is mainly that she is the slave of the sweetest, tenderest, most spiritual and pathetic of human fallacies—the fallacy that by giving herself to the man she loves she attaches him to herself for ever. This is the real betrayer of nearly all good women that are betrayed. It lies at the root of tens of thousands of the cases that make up the merciless story of man's sin and woman's weakness. Alas! it is only the woman who clings the closer. The impulse of the man is to draw apart. He must conquer it or she is lost. Such is the cruel difference and inequality of man and woman as nature made them—the old trick, the old tragedy.

Sometimes there is a democratic aspect of his romanticism :

There is neither above nor below where there is real liking. If you like anyone and she is necessary to your life, that is the sign of your natural equality. It is God's sign and all the rest is only man's book-keeping.

Rossetti wrote to Sir Hall Caine, before they ever met, "I think I see your field to lie chiefly in the noble achievements of fervid and impassioned prose." No advice could have proved more dangerous, without a cautionary reference to the axiom that in all art there must be restraint, for it would seem that Sir Hall Caine has kept this ideal, in its literal application, ever before him. Indeed, with the almost solitary exception of *The Woman of Knockaloe* (1923), a work said not to have been intended originally for publication, though it is his finest achievement since *The Manxman*, he hardly ever allows himself to write anything but the briefest passages in ordinary narrative form. Even here the simple, direct and very moving story is marred by its end. The lovers—the German man and the English woman—for whom there is no place left in the world, have made their death compact and stand on the edge of the cliff ready to throw themselves over. But before "these two children of the universal Father, cast out of the company of men, separated in life and about to be united in

death," do so, they "go through the burial service which they had appointed for themselves. . . .

Jesu, lover of my soul,
Lass mir an dein Brust liegen. . . ."

Du sublime au ridicule il n'est qu'un seul pas !

Sir Hall Caine, who, appropriately enough, was chosen to write the scenario of the British National War-Film, may be said to have invented scenario-writing while the cinematograph was still nothing but a scientific toy. To read one of his novels is to experience the same sort of sensations as when watching a "thrilling and gripping screen-play of the heart," "full of emotional and dramatic interest," unwind its five reels. The short, moralising passages, which link one scene of action or declamation with another, afford a parallel, almost a paraphrase, shorn of its outstanding Americanisms, of the common jargon of "captions":

And as for the Bishop, when did the Almighty ask for such poor help as the lie of a blood-stained criminal to save the honour of a man of God?

Love might be the light of life, but . . . millions of hearts in all ages were like old battlefields, with dead things, which nobody knew of, lying about in the dark places. And yet the world went on!

It is true that all the victories of war are as nothing against the golden head of one darling child, but then nobody sees that now. Nobody in the world has ever seen it—nobody but He . . . "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." . . . But only think! That was said two thousand years ago, and yet . . . and yet. . . .

Oh, you good women, who are happy in the love that guards you, shields you, shelters you, wraps you round and keeps you pure and true, tread lightly over the prostrate soul of your sister in her hour of trial and fierce temptation.

. . . Jenny, a typical Cockney girl of the humblest class, untidy and unclean, but as bright as a London street sparrow, and with a big soft heart in her little vulgar breast.

A young woman, in the costume of a nurse, with heaving breast, quivering nostrils and flaming eyes, rushed through the gate with outstretched arms to stop them.

This, then, is the most conspicuous characteristic of his power as a writer, the force of almost garish visualisation, of making a scene live and its actors move and speak, if not exactly in the light of day, at all events in the glare of the limelight. The reason, the intelligence, may reject both the characters themselves and the nature of the scene they enact, but the author's powers of presentation and animation are so tense, that, even while admitting the justice of its own mental reservations, the mind involuntarily visualises both, much as one may watch a living actor faithfully, even convincingly, personify upon the stage a part that one knows is grotesquely untrue to real life and utterly false to human nature. Two successive chapters of *The Deemster* are entitled "Alone, alone—all, all alone!" and "Alone on a wide, wide sea." The same book closes with the Lord's Prayer; *The Christian* with the Marriage Service.

It has always seemed to me that your turn of mind and power of creation are specifically dramatic and that you will write, if once you take to that form, a very grand and moving play.

This was Blackmore's opinion. There is a zenith to everything, a degree that cannot be surpassed. Sir Hall Caine has adapted several of his novels for the stage. In this form they are neither more nor less dramatic—the adjective can hardly be admitted here without a qualifying prefix—than they were in their original form, because more “drama” simply could not be squeezed out of their plots, or the “dramatic possibilities” of the characters concerned further exploited.

With Sir Hall Caine, the Isle of Man is half the man and half the style also. It is his own home, his own country, loved with a glowing patriotism. It has been his closest study. His book, *The Little Manx Nation*, is a standard work of reference on the island and all that pertains to it. All that is best in his work has been written about the Isle of Man, or directly inspired by it. There is something inherently romantic about a small island, or a small people.

The island, then, gave him just the setting he needed for his vivid, over-emotionalised, but otherwise commonplace, prose: the inherent romance of a picturesque and rather remote local colour and a racy, half-Irish, half-Welsh dialect of colloquial English with which to reproduce it. It is true that the scenery of the island, its inhabitants, their speech and customs, are sentimentalised on the syrupy Kaleyad model, but in the process of recording it the familiar Manx idiom usually proves too strong for the man as for the writer and prevails over both, informing, even ennobling, the style with its own quaint simplicity. There is a trenchant humour and aptness of phrase in this Anglo-Manx dialect: a humour and deftness of simile usually lacking in his other work. The stigma of illegitimacy sits the lighter in this predominantly Calvinistic island for the survival of such phrases as a “rue-bargain,” “bye-child” or a “merry-begot.” The two Deemsters, or insular judges, taking the oath of office before the House of Keys, swear to administer justice “as betwixt party and party as indifferently as the herring backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish.” In his early days as a schoolmaster he used to act as village “letter-writer”—an apprenticeship he has turned to good account. His earlier dialect studies in the broad Cumbrian of the Fells were not over-successful experiments; his Cockney dialogue is still less happy, but his Manx is supreme:

“Excuse me, ladies,” said Pete humbly, “I’m not in the habit of babies. A bit excited, you see, Mistress Nancy, ma’am. Couldn’t help putting a bull of a roar out, not being used to the like.”

Then turning back to the bed, “Aw, Kitty, the beauty it is though! And the big! As big as my fist already. And the fat! It’s as fat as a bluebottle. And the straight! Well, not so *very* straight, neither, but the complexion at him now! Give him to me, Kitty!” . . .

“Aisy now, Pete, aisy,” said Grannie.

"Is it aisy broke they are, Grannie?" A good spirit looked out of his great boyish face. "Come to your ould daddie, you lil sandpiper. Gough bless me, Kitty, the weight of him though! . . . I couldn't have had a better one if I'd chiced it. Where's that Tom Hommy now? The bleeting little billygoat, he was bragging outrageous about his new baby—saying he wouldn't part with it for two of the best cows in his cow-house. This'll floor him, I'm thinking."

"Do you hear the man?" said Nanny. "*He and he and he and he!* It's a girl, I'm telling you, a girl, a girl,—a girl—a girl!"

"Well, well, a girl then—a girl we'll make it," said Pete with a determined resignation. . . . "Goodness me the voice at him! It's a skipper he's born for—a harbourmaster, anyway. . . . Quiet as a Jenny Wren now. Look at the bogh smiling in his sleep. Just like a baby mermaid on the egg of a dogfish. . . . What time was it? Wait, don't tell me! It was five o'clock this morning, wasn't it? Yes? Gough bless me, I knew it! High water to the very minute—aw, he'll rise in the world, and die at the top of the tide. How did I know when the child was born, ma'am? As aisy as aisy. We were lying adrift at Cronk ny Irrey Lhaa, looking up for daylight by the fisherman's clock. Only light enough to see the black of your nail, ma'am. All at once I heard a baby's cry on the waters. 'It's the nameless child of Eary Cushin,' sings out one of the boys. 'Up with the clout,' says I. And when we were hauling the nets and down on our knees saying a bit of a prayer, as usual, 'God bless my new-born child,' says I, 'and God bless my child's mother, too,' I says, 'and God love and protect them always, and keep and preserve myself as well'."

There was a low moaning from the bed.

"God bless her," he said in a low tone, "God bless and reward her for going through this for me!"

Wesley's brief revivalist crusade in the island has left a profound imprint on the mentality of the Manx crofters and fisherfolk. Sir Hall Caine himself comes of stout Dissenting, even Puritan, stock. In fact, in many ways, he is the typical and chosen novelist of Nonconformity, though scarcely of the Nonconformist Conscience. It was from his grandmother—whose portrait he has painted in his own story, in what is easily the most spontaneous passage in his prose—a wonderful old lady who preserved a happy mental balance between the grimmest Primitive Methodism and Celtic fantasy and superstition, rather typical of the Manx people, that he learned as a small child those old Manx legends and fairy-stories, which have proved so invaluable to him in his work. To her influence, too, may be due, perhaps, one of the most telling touches in all his books: the description of a flock of sheep being driven through the deserted streets of the City at midnight.

It may seem curious that it was not till after he had published his first two novels that he began

to see how readily the island lent itself to literary treatment, not merely for its own sake but also for the sake of those great themes of human sin and sorrow which are never so well illustrated as when brought down to a little scene, a narrow focus, from the general to the particular.

It is only when writing about Iceland, another remote island in which another small, self-centred population has piously preserved patriarchal

customs, its ancient traditions and language, together with the sense of separate nationality, that he approaches the same vivid powers of presentation. Both *The Bondman* and *The Prodigal Son* contain arresting descriptions of glacier and lava scenery and the desolation of a treeless, empty land under an almost continuous ban of Nature, marred though they are by moralised homilies and glib philosophy. Rough Scandinavian skippers of colliers and steam-trawlers, who read little and that unwillingly, but are keenly critical, will tell you that he has "got" Iceland, the scene, the customs and the temper of its people. This is praise indeed. When he writes of Italy or Egypt, it is different.

Only four of his books—together with his two early Cumbrian novels, the three war-propaganda works, and all but the title tale of *Capt'n Davy's Honeymoon*—are not set either wholly or in part in his native island:—*The Prodigal Son* (mainly Icelandic), *The Eternal City* (Rome), *The Scapegoat*, 1891 (Morocco) and *The White Prophet*, 1909 (Egypt). The last two are among his relative failures. The excellence of *The Bondman* is largely due to its setting being wholly Manx and Icelandic.

The author of *Lorna Doone* said that Sir Hall Caine possessed "that respect for himself and his readers which is the *sine qua non* of great work." Sir Hall Caine's commentary on this eulogy is that

the author who has won the great love of a section of the people [the phrase is significant!] for one story, or one character, must never hope and never desire to oust that love in favour of another story or character. He must go, if he can, to another section of the people and turn up fallow ground.

There is no evidence that Sir Hall Caine, any more than Blackmore, has ever attempted to do so. The same situations and characters repeat themselves, in different settings and under different names, in one book after another. The moral, the appeal, remains unchanged, and is always addressed to one mould of mind: the congenitally romantic.

Rossetti, Sir Hall Caine tells us, with loyal admiration for the poet to whom he was a staunch friend, "grasped with masterly strength the operations of the two fundamental factors in the novelist's art—the sympathy and the tragic mischief." This "tragic mischief," or, in other words, this heightened dramatic emphasis, is allowed, and even encouraged, to supplant the relative probability of "as much realism as the requirements of idealism will permit," with impossible coincidences, highly improbable misunderstandings, vows, prophecies, portents, "voices" and the like. It is often reinforced by repetition of significant refrains so as to enhance the momentousness of the successive stages of an approaching climax: "The Sheean ny Feaynid had said so!" (*The Master of Man*), "After all he killed my father!" (*The White Prophet*) and, in almost any book, such threadbare clichés as "But fate had not yet done with him." Even Blackmore, on whom Sir Hall Caine seems to have modelled himself in many ways, said of an early work "there is much strain on credulity."

The criticism is a perfectly fair one for nearly all his novels. But the romantic note, the dramatic touch, never flags :

Was it necessary ? Inevitable ? To be cast aside on life's highway in suffering and shame everlasting ; to be like a wretched ship that lies at the bottom of the sea, swaying to the ground-swell below, and moaning like a lost soul to the moans of the other wrecks in the womb of the ocean.

The reader's interest is stimulated, titillated, even flagellated by italics and all the resources of oratory and cumulative emphasis :

Speech was thin gauze, laughter was rolling smoke ; so she laughed and laughed.

It means nothing, but it does undeniably aggravate the reader's suspense and sense of imminent doom. An unfavourable answer to a letter asking for employment becomes " the reply he received was as smooth as a dog's tongue, and as useless for help or healing," and is no longer a simple refusal but a station on the road to perdition. In the domain of the passions the pace is yet more furious :

David Rossi heard it and understood it and his nostrils quivered like the nostrils of a horse, and when he spoke again his voice shook with passion. . . . An oath burst from his lips and a red flame passed before his eyes when he thought of this and he leapt out of bed as if something in his brain had snapped. . . . Their hands seemed to leap at each other and clasp with a clasp of fire.

The conventional claptrap of the sensational novelist ? Perhaps ; but this is not just smug padding, or careless writing in which the author has allowed himself to be carried away by rhodomontade. These passages are deliberately designed to retard the action momentarily and thereby to spur the reader's excitement afresh at particular phases of his stories. In the same way the title *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, with its Biblical and sexual appeal is, for one of his books, a title that could not possibly be bettered.

The two books that have influenced him most are the Bible and *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Whole passages of his are paraphrases of the former, and nowhere does his lack of restraint betray itself more nakedly than where he interpolates a verse or two of the Old Testament to enhance the awe of a situation. The hymnal, too, is frequently drawn upon and, with the incessant invocation of the Deity, accentuates the religious-romantic appeal, the fervour of the " message."

The style of Sir Hall Caine is, on the whole, sustained and consistent. It is never careless, clumsily phrased or punctuated, if it seldom drops from that oratorical plane, consonant with his mission. His association with Rossetti, the Pre-Raphaelites, Browning, Matthew Arnold, etc., he tells us, " helped to elevate my ideals." Once his ideals were duly elevated, and he had found the proper setting for his retold Biblical stories in his native island, his path lay clear before him. Yet he says that he is still serving his apprenticeship, that every book he has written has offered him greater difficulties to solve, and that " there has always been a point of the story

at which I felt confident it must kill me." It is creditable that his published work shows little sign of the throes of labour.

His stories are stories only in a secondary sense ; primarily they are skilful well-documented propaganda, by an eloquent advocate with an unrivalled knowledge how to sway the emotions of his audience into returning his own verdict. Probably no author has known his public better, even though this knowledge be subconscious and instinctive. If an experienced publisher's reader, unacquainted with Sir Hall Caine's works, had come across one of these MSS. in anonymous form at any time during the last two decades, it is likely that he would have reported, regretfully, that though the book must have proved a gold mine thirty years previously, there was no market for that sort of writing to-day ; that it was too " M.V." He would have been wrong, of course, just as three-quarters of the London publishers who rejected Mrs. Florence Barclay's *The Rosary*, for the same reason, were wrong. The largest reading public lacks a mouthpiece ; it is not only inarticulate, but, definitely, some thirty years behind the tastes of the rest of an age. It may not know what it does want, and certainly it is incapable of asking, but it emphatically does know what it does not want and will not have. It does not like irony, or satire, and Sir Hall Caine has none to give ; but it appreciates the scathing denunciation of wickedness and the exposure of a villain, and here Sir Hall Caine can satisfy it in full measure.

He himself has said that the public expects a novel to be " light reading," but there is no one of his own against which the accusation can be levelled, though he had as much as anyone to do with the substitution of the single volume novel for the three. The " message " is always to the fore, the " mission " has still long to run, the tale may founder on the voyage, but the moral is always salvaged and brought safe to shore. His very vices as a writer, or, more properly, as an orator, honour him as a man.

He is a protagonist, not an artist ; a preacher, not a painter. Though he may examine both sides of a problem, virtue is sure to triumph in life or death ; he leaves no enigmatic note of interrogation for the reader to solve in his own way. He cannot " exteriorise " himself. He never dallies, even for the sake of argument, with any other view or philosophy save his own rather narrow reading of the book of life. For him there are no riddles in it, though there may be many complexities. But there is a monotony, a staleness about the similar purple passages, the obvious adjective that clings desperately to the tired noun, the impenitently laboured emphasis, overcharged as a storm-cloud that grows more sombre and ominous, chapter by chapter, till it bursts in a hurricane of rant. Only at his worst has his style real individuality. Rob it of its artificial stress, its hyper-pigmentation, and it is bloodless as machine-made, " written-up " copy. There is no trace of that narrative of simple, direct statement on a very limited vocabulary, which characterises the popular tales of other ages, such as *Manon Lescaut*, that have survived. Comment and concordance choke the plots and stifle the characters. There is an almost Wagnerian insistence on *Leitmotiv* :

The flowers were opening, the roses were creeping over the porch, the blackbird was singing at the top of the tree ; but his flower of flowers, his rose of roses, his bird of birds—where was she ? Summer was coming, coming, coming—coming with its light, coming with its music, coming with its sweetness—but she came not !

Or :

I don't know how I knew, but I did know, that that house was a home of love. I don't know how I knew, but I did know, that that sweet woman who had been the daughter of a well-to-do man, had chosen the doctor out of all the men in the world when he was only a medical student fresh from Germany or Switzerland. I don't know how I knew, but I did know, that leaving father and mother and a sheltered home she had followed her young husband when he first came to Ellan without friends or connections, and though poor then and poor now still she had never regretted it. I don't know how I knew, but I did know, that all this was the opposite of what had happened to my own dear mother, who having everything yet had nothing, while this good creature having nothing yet had all.

In the building of perorations by heart-throbs repetitions such as " wax and grow " or " amend and alter " are necessarily common enough. There is a sickly, cloying after-taste about the infallibility of " pure," " stainless," " noble," " lovely," and above all, " dear," " sweet," and " good " as the common attributes of his women. God is rendered all too familiar with invocations, ceaseless as they are causeless, so that the result is like a sermon which, had it been a little less long and fervent, might not have defeated the object of its own exhortations. His novels are Bible stories retold for home reading and modern precept, shorn of their majestic simplicity : sermons that by another name shall reach a vaster congregation :

I had read of men becoming spiritual castaways after they had lost their anchorage in some great love, and I asked myself what I should do if Martin became an infidel.

Pete was laughing ; he was crying ; he was tasting a new sweetness—the sweetness of being a good man again.

Was any promotion in the world to be set against one throb of Pete's simple joy, one gleam of the auroral radiance that lights up a poor man's home when he is first a father, one moment in the divine partnership in the babe that is fresh from God ?

. . . then the whole place broke into that smile of surprise which comes to every house after the twin angels of Life and Death have brooded long over its roof-tree, and are gone at length before the face of a little child.

He thought he could hear the ringing of a church bell, and that sweet human sound came winging its way up to him through the vapour of the sulphur-pits as the singing of a star might rise through the clouds of the world to the ears of the souls in heaven.

But true to his island blood, whenever he writes of the sea he is at his best. It is as though a breath of fresh, salt air had cleared his brain of the old tags of melodrama and declamation, of returned texts and repointed moralisings. The sea gives him his happiest vein, his aptest similes :

He trembled at the question but found only one answer. It shivered at the back of his mind like the white water over a reef at the neck of a narrow sea.

Bessie heard no more. A cloud passed over her brain that was like the rolling mist that alternately reveals and conceals a buoy at sea.

Cæsar's at it still, going through the Bible same as a trawl-boat, fishing up the little texes.

Philip . . . put his thumb into the baby's hand. It was sucked in by the little fingers as by the soft feelers of the sea anemone.

In *The Bondman* there is a really stirring account of a wreck off the Point of Ayre and the midnight farmhouse supper to the shipwrecked crew, while two admirable descriptions of a night at sea with the Manx herring-fleet will be remembered by anyone who has read them. It cannot be said that the order of his works reflects any noticeable mental development. The technique grows surer, the effects more telling ; but that is all.

His characters, like his plots, show a remarkable duplication : both are predominantly Biblical. Indeed, with the possible exception of Cæsar Cregeen and his daughter Kate in *The Manxman*, well-observed, carefully-delineated Manx peasant types, it can hardly be claimed that he has ever created a living character, though he has provided the stage with many parts. His heroines too often are simply Sunday School lay figures ; his heroes only crude restatements of Old Testament patriarchs reclothed in Manx or Icelandic trappings, vulgarised in speech and dwarfed in stature. Certain sides of all his characters, such as Pete or Bessie, are vivid and true to life, just as much so, one suspects, as " the requirements of idealism will permit." There are the mischievous and warm-hearted girls like Glory Quayle, the modern saints like Mary O'Neill, the unscrupulous adventuresses like Alma Lier and Helga Nielsen, and, most unconvincing of all, the redeemed " Pompadour " (who was barely even a paramour) of *The Eternal City*, Donna Roma Volumna. Among the heroes, Victor Stowell and Philip Christian, both young Deemsters and both doomed to sit in judgment on their own sins, are one and the same ; Lord Robert in *The Christian* is Lord Raugh in *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* ; Jason is Magnus ; Janet Curphy, Auntie Nan. The Pope in *The Eternal City* is simply Gilchrist Mylrea, the old Bishop of Sodor and Man in *The Deemster* over again, almost Pastor Cowley in *The Master of Man*.

Mr. Lovell, the editor of the *Liverpool Mercury* during the eighteenthies, wrote of the first novel, when still awaiting a publisher, *The Shadow of a Crime* (1885), for which he ultimately received £75 in all, a historical romance laid in Cumberland after the close of the Civil War : " If you kill that man you will kill your book. What's the good ? Give no more than the public will take from you to begin with, and by and by they'll take what you give them." Since then the public has been given more or less the same diet over and over again and shows no sign of surfeit, while the author who duly let his earliest hero live, to live himself, has salved his literary conscience by letting many subsequent ones die in the sunset glamour of their plenary atonements.

It is not only Rossetti, with Blackmore and Wilkie Collins, who have praised the work of Sir Hall Caine. Sir Edmund Gosse wrote of *The*

Manxman that it was "a contribution to literature," for which "the most fastidious critic"—who might well have been himself—would cheerfully exchange "a wilderness of that deciduous trash which our publishers call fiction." The pity is that there have been no other criticisms, favourable or the reverse, from authorities as eminent. Mr. Gladstone, who had patted Sir Hall Caine on the head as a child and prophesied that he would do something some day, was ready to vouch for the spiritual qualities of his work, which, we may take it, were very much what the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll had in mind when he said that "The author has respected, and that deeply, his art, his readers and his message."

Although I am no believer in divorce [Mr. Gladstone wrote], I recognise the author's integrity of aim. . . . I cannot but regard with warm respect and admiration the conduct of one who, holding the author's position as an admired and accepted novelist, stakes himself on so bold a protestation on behalf of the things which are unseen, as against those which are seen and are so terribly effective in chaining us down to the level of our earthly existence.

This may not mean very much more at core than most of Gladstone's utterances, except as a rather sanctimonious endorsement of moral austerity, but it is almost his only recorded praise of a novel, and is a judgment expressing the verdict of his age. But Sir Hall Caine's aim is to turn the sinner away from his sin by depicting in exaggerated horror the cataclysm which each step in deviation from the straight and narrow way will inevitably lay to his score even on this side of the grave; and that there can be neither peace of mind, nor security of place or possessions, until fullest retribution has been made. In religious matters he is remarkably tolerant—even towards the Church of Rome—and his only indictment of any creed or sect is a short but bitter attack on the maternity and rescue work of the Salvation Army.

So far as I can see [he has written] there is only one thing the public demands and will not do without, whether in drama or novel, and that is human nature.

It is, with all respect to one who has felt the pulse of the greatest public in his own lifetime, a question whether by human nature is meant only a certain amount of it, its presentation according to tacitly understood conventions; or the whole of those complex passions, conflicting emotions and elusive sentiments, such as have been unravelled and laid bare by a Dostoevsky or a Stendhal. The sad fact emerges that where Sir Hall Caine writes best he sells least, even though the difference is only to be gauged in a few tens of thousands of copies.

ENGLISH SCULPTURE IN THE LATER XVIITH & XVIIITH CENTURIES—I

By KATHARINE A. ESDAILE

OUR later English sculpture is still a curiously neglected subject, nor has its human and artistic interest been adequately recognised. Medieval monuments are catalogued and reproduced; Jacobean and Caroline works receive the passing tribute of mention in the Guide Books; those of later date are still officially anathema. The activities of the Ancient Monuments Commission stop short at 1714, even as "Art stopped short at the cultivated Court of the Empress Josephine"; and the Victoria County Histories pass such things by. The volume, meaning, value and interest of this sculpture and the personalities of the sculptors are hardly realised even by the archæologist, yet in the last point the subject differs profoundly from English sculpture of an earlier age, where the identity of the sculptor is usually either unknown or shadowy to the last degree. Quite apart, therefore, from the practical convenience of taking such a date as the Restoration as our starting-point, there is a certain unity of effect to be obtained from the constant contact of Bird and Scheemaker, Pierce and Bushnell, Rysbrack and Roubiliac, with the life and letters of their day. The romance of these sculptors, setting out, sometimes on foot, to Rome, working under foreign masters in one town or another, executing important works upon their travels and keeping closely in touch with the artistic developments of the countries they visited, has still to be written; for the habit of travel grew, and by the middle of the eighteenth century a foreign training, a personal acquaintance with the works of ancient and modern art to be found in Rome and elsewhere, was part of the equipment of almost all serious sculptors.

The growing fame of the established masters in England and the widespread demand for sculpture, monumental and decorative, drew to our shores, as to the Mecca of their desire, a large number of promising foreign students who came over "in the hopes of employment," as Vertue has it, and entered the studios and workshops of the recognised sculptors. Cibber was a Dane, Gibbons apparently but half English, yet each found employment, thanks to the Fire and to patrons such as Charles II, the Earl of Dorset, Toby Rustat, and Viscount Campden. Of the artists who settled in England as their adopted country, Scheemaker found work with Bird before he made his name; Rysbrack with James Gibbs; Roubiliac with Carter and Cheere; and each in turn assembled a band of pupils and

assistants to aid in the mechanical parts of the work then expected from a sculptor, and to turn out such objects as chimney-pieces, tables, urns and garden statuary for which the increasing standard of comfort created a huge demand. Merchant rivalled merchant, nobleman outvied nobleman in the patronage offered to the sculptor; small wonder that England, whose wealth and importance rose under Walpole as that of France declined under Louis XV, acted as a magnet to the ambitious art student, and that our cathedrals, country houses and parish churches are full of the neglected results of their skill.

Nor was this all. The expansion of English commerce meant the emigration of the servants of the Turkey, and later, of the East India Companies, who died, too often prematurely, in the lands to which they were sent. Aleppo, I am told, has a Christian burial-ground full of English monuments of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, executed by English sculptors and sent out to the East. "All India," as Mr. Kipling has reminded us, "is full of neglected graves that date from the beginning of the eighteenth century—tombs of forgotten colonels of corps long since disbanded; mates of East Indiamen who went on shooting expeditions and never came back; factors, agents, writers and ensigns of the Honourable the East India Company by hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands." The sepulchral annals of Fort St. George tell the same tale, echoes of which meet us in the work of John Bacon and Thomas Banks. Here was a rich field for the work of English craftsmen, and signatures of famous men probably adorn many and many of these desolate graves.

Further, it was only with the Restoration that the full impact of later Renaissance sculpture was felt in England. Bernini's influence was immense, and through the Court intercourse with France during the reign of Charles I and the exile and restoration of Charles II, that influence in England became very marked. When Lady Jane Cheyne died in 1669, for instance, it was to Paolo Bernini, his greater father being perhaps too busy to undertake the commission, that the family turned for her monument, and Bernini's son designed, and Antonio Raggi executed, the great memorial of that noble lady and benefactress of Chelsea on the north wall of Chelsea Old Church, close to the superb dramatic figure of Sara Colville, an English masterpiece, by Marshall, I suspect, of the 1630's. Bushnell was steeped in Bernini's work; Bird worked for a time under Bernini's imitator, le Gros; and Bird's "pupil," Edward Pierce, went further towards capturing the unique dramatic power of Bernini's portrait-busts than any other English artist of his day. Cibber imitated his fountains in the Piazza Navona in that in part restored to Soho Square, where English river-gods once took the place of Bernini's world rivers; Rysbrack may have copied his Charles I*; Roubiliac found his work a revelation. In short, the influence of Bernini upon English sculpture is a force that has never been sufficiently reckoned with, both on its dramatic side and in its consummate

* *Burlington Magazine*, August, 1924.

portrayal of character in portrait-busts and statues. The pure classical tradition in England is on the whole a later thing, though, actual copies apart, traces of it may be found before Wilton and Banks, and not least in the figures recalling nymphs and muses on Stone's monument to Bodley in Merton Chapel. Of the more strictly English tradition there are abundant traces derived from the alabaster school of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in much of the work designed by Gibbs and carried out by such sculptors as Rysbrack and Scheemaker. Now that the whirligig of time has brought in his revenges, and Gothic art is no longer deemed of exclusive interest, many would be glad to know something of the later history of an art then closely allied with architecture both civil and ecclesiastical and long undeservedly neglected. Some of those, indeed, whom we have mentioned, were actually architects, Cibber and Pierce for example ; others worked for and with Wren and his successor Gibbs. As Cunningham sweepingly wrote nearly a century ago : " In England our architects long preserved their ascendancy, and as late as the middle of last century dictated to sculptors with a boldness of which we have no notion nowadays, and which most probably was only tolerated then because our figure makers were poor friendless foreigners." When the design for a monument was made by the man with the name, and the execution entrusted to the man without, there is some difficulty in determining whether to class the work under the name of the designer or the sculptor. The Cheyne monument, for instance, is always cited as a work of Bernini, not of its sculptor Raggi ; yet when our subject is English sculpture it seems clear that the sculptor must take precedence, and monuments designed by Gibbs or Kent and executed by Rysbrack cannot be omitted from Rysbrack's works.

The fame of Charles I as a patron of the arts has never died, but the consequent impulse to English sculpture has hardly perhaps received adequate attention. If " Mr. Baker " desired to have his bust made by the great Bernini, English noblemen were no less forward in patronising sculptors more accessible, and the fame of Nicholas Stone filled England with monumental sculpture, often of a lofty order. The Civil War, however, checked the erection of monuments on a large scale, as the student of English churches will have noticed, and the nobility had scant leisure for sitting to sculptors. The enormous output of Nicholas Stone, the great numbers of late Elizabethan and Jacobean and Caroline monuments all over the country form a curious contrast with the paucity of works of the same character between 1642 and 1660, and the explanation is threefold. First, money was wanted by both sides during the War itself ; secondly, the system of sequestration under the Commonwealth left the county families no margin for such vanities ; and thirdly, in some districts at least, Puritan fanaticism looked on monuments in themselves as Popish. The deplorable state of the surviving fragments in Peterborough Cathedral is one instance, but the strangest and most touching I have come across is in the little church of Marholme, some seven miles

away.* In front of an obelisk, over a coat of arms, and supported by cherubs, is the bust of a little boy, with the following inscription :

Edward Hunter Alson Perry
 only son of Robert Hunter Alson Perry Esq by his
 deare wife (since Lady Fitzwilliam) ob. Oct. 9 1646
 To the courteous Souldier.
 Noe crucifixe you see, noe Frightfull Brand
 of superstitions here, Pray let mee stand.
 Grassante bello civili.

The appeal was in vain, and the child's nose has been broken.

The sculptor's opportunity came, as already said, after the Restoration, and the Fire of London opened up a field as vast as it was unexpected. One of the inscriptions on the Monument states that "the ruins of the City were 436 acres (viz., 373 acres within the walls, and 63 without them, but within the liberties); that of the six-and-twenty wards, it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half-burnt; and that it consumed eighty-nine churches, four of the City gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, a great number of stately edifices, 13,200 dwelling-houses, and 460 streets." (Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 294.) Pierce and Bushnell, Gibbons, Bird and Cibber were among the sculptors employed in making good the ravages of the Great Fire.

Next—and this is a point of great importance in the history of English connoisseurship—there was the growing habit of foreign travel, fostered by the long residence of the Court abroad and, after the Restoration, by the increasing emulation of the patronage bestowed on art and letters by Louis XIV. The Grand Tour was known long before its heyday in the eighteenth century; and it was already part of the equipment of the fine gentleman to be known as a patron of art and letters. The use of bas-relief for decorative purposes in the country house—the fifty pages devoted to the mantelpiece alone in the *Builder's Dictionary* give an idea of its universal use in the 1770's—the desire for garden sculpture, fostered by the sight of the great Italian villas and Versailles, the fashion for elaborate fountains and grottos, all heightened the demand for sculpture, the extent of which may readily be seen from the account of the garden work of Cibber at Chatsworth quoted by Allan Cunningham, and by his sculpture in the Chapel there which still exists, side by side with that of Grinling Gibbons. Another aspect of this desire for sculpture is seen in the increasing taste for ancient marbles, often for decorative purposes. Thus the larger portion of the Arundel Marbles now at Oxford were purchased by Lord Leinster in 1691 for the adornment of Easton Neston to be placed at first along the garden front, and only later found the seclusion of the crowded greenhouse in which Vertue saw them, after a course of the far from

* A conspicuous case is that of the defacement of "old learned Camden's" monument in the same year; cf Bulstrode Whitlock's *Memorials*, p. 228.

crowning mercies of restoration at the hands of that very inferior sculptor, J. B. Guelfi.

Thirdly, there was the new factor introduced into social life by the increasing wealth and importance of the mercantile class, which created a demand for monuments and decorative marbles covering a wider field than ever before, and offered a tempting opportunity for the display of civic loyalty by the erection of statues to the reigning sovereign. The Royal Exchange alone contained three figures of Charles II, by Bushnell, Cibber and Grinling Gibbons; at Lichfield and Northampton, Edinburgh and Windsor, Portsmouth and Lynn statues of the same King testify to the national relief at the change of government. Even James II did not lack commemoration, as Gibbons' famous statue at the Admiralty shows; and if, as at Newcastle, the Revolution led to the melting down of a statue of him—in this case the relics were eventually cast as a peal of bells for All Saints' when that Church was being rebuilt—more statues of Charles II remain than of any other English monarch. The Revolution in its turn led to an ever-increasing demand for statues of the Deliverer, the last of which, the younger Bacon's William III in St. James's Square of 1808, was the result of a lapsed legacy of 1724.

Fourthly, there was the increasing sense of social responsibility, which had led to such foundations as Alleyn's School and the Charterhouse in earlier days, and to which were now due such foundations as Morden's College at Blackheath, Guy's Hospital, the Geffrye Almshouses at Hoxton, the Sir John Cass Institute, and countless charity schools, for each and all of which statues either of the founders or of allegorical or typical form were appropriate and widely used.

Fifthly, there was the health of William III, which demanded country air. Hence the first improvements at Kensington and Hampton Court, which gave scope to decorators such as Gibbons and Cibber and to the more mechanical side of Pierce's work. The King's successors continued to live much in both palaces, so that these improvements were continued down to 1750, when Kew and Windsor became more popular with the Royal Family.

Sixthly—and this applies first to the reign of Anne—there was the new national consciousness aroused by the successes of English arms abroad, under a Queen of the old Royal house. Blenheim on the one hand, the monument of Sir Cloudesley Shovel on the other, of which Addison wrote so severely in the *Spectator* and of which Horace Walpole said that it made men of taste dread such honours—the extremes of the dignified and the ridiculous—are both representative of the new spirit, which was to fill Westminster Abbey in the course of the century with monuments which the unthinking in every generation clamoured to remove, and which caused Horace Walpole to coin the phrase “the Westminster Abbey style.”

Seventhly and lastly, there was the increasing tendency to treat the great country house as the unit of the great family, and to fill the parish church or a mausoleum attached to it with monuments to the dead, whether peer

or commoner, the house with works in marble ranging from mantelpieces to copies of the Apollo Belvedere, and the garden and park with statues and temples to Venus and the Virtues.

Two great London museums of sculpture were lost when old St. Paul's and the original Exchange were destroyed in the Fire of London ; a third when the second Exchange, " adorned not only with the statues of our kings [by Cibber] like the former Exchange, but likewise with two of Sir Thomas Gresham, are placed under the south arch facing Cornhill, made in 1671 by the famous Mr. Bushnell . . . and the other erected in the west walk of the piazza, where the old one stood before the fire "*, was burnt down in the disastrous fire of 1838. The statues on the original building, as another of Ward's MS notes states, represented " all the Kings and Queens from Edward the Confessor to Charles the Second," and their loss, like that of their successors, has done irreparable damage to our knowledge of seventeenth-century art—eighteenth-century too, we may add, since Rysbrack and Wilton were responsible for the statues of the first three Georges on this second Royal Exchange, while Chantrey's George IV added a nineteenth-century example to this surprising series.

The average church destroyed by the Fire was probably not so rich in monuments as St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, but here again the loss of medieval sculpture and sixteenth-century tombs was very heavy. The new generation of sculptors was in some respects better prepared for its task than the old local schools of alabaster craftsmen. Bushnell, Cibber, Bird, Scheemaker, Rysbrack, Roubiliac, all our later sculptors with the exception of Bacon, worked abroad before they finally settled in England, and Vertue notices the habit as a sign of the increasing interest in art. The immense field here open to the foreign sculptor, and the extent to which he anglicised himself, even to the changing of his name—Rijsbrach had become Rysbrack early in his career—is another indication of the artistic status of this country in the eighteenth century. It was no longer necessary to send abroad for a fine monument, and such cases as the employment of Bernini for the Cheyne statue, of a nameless Italian sculptor for that of Dean Wotton at Canterbury, or of P. S. Monnot for the magnificent tomb of the Earl of Exeter at Stamford (1704) become very rare after 1720. " It has often been the want of encouragement to art and artists in England," says Vertue, " that has occasion'd works of curiosity to be done out of England to the advantage of Foreign Artists and Nations and in proportion to ye disadvantage of this Kingdom." That reproach was removed from England in the eighteenth century. Our sculptors, often trained in Rome, always, with the single exception of Bacon, trained abroad, had the same models as Monnot to work from, and the influence not of Italian sculpture only, but of the reclining figures on the sarcophagi of Flavian days was lasting. How profoundly this scheme of recumbent effigies flanked by allegorical figures—classic art seen through the eyes of the Renaissance—affected the art

* MS. Appendix to Ward's *History of Gresham College* in the British Museum.

of sculptors such as Scheemaker a study of their works will show ; and the imperfect lists of the works of some thirty sculptors which I contributed to the *Architect* in 1921-2 are still, unfortunately, the least incomplete. Guide-books, if they do not ignore them altogether, dismiss their works as hideous, pagan or preposterous ; and only the student unprejudiced by Gothic prepossessions will find in them the beauty, dignity and great tradition which inspired their neglected authors.

How, it may be justly asked, has English sculpture sunk from its pride of place when Haydon, only a century ago, could complain with truth that national and Parliamentary interest in art had long been almost entirely confined to monumental sculpture, when Vertue, sixty years before, had said much the same of private patronage ?

Therefore wee may observe, as those works of Monuments is the best paid, of any works of painting history, portrature, Landskips conversation pieces chaseing or Sculpture graving—the professors of real merriit will come over & study to excell for such proffits & rewards, which amount to great sums of money, as such monuments have cost some five hundred pounds each, some 7 or 8 hundreds some a thousand & some hundreds more.—by reason of which it may be concluded that so long as that vanity or humour* remains in the minds of the noble & wealthy persons, there will be works to be done hereafter of the same kind.

The same writer, as usual, puts his finger on the cause of the visible improvement of the sculptor's status :

It has been an old observation in England that if Arts of painting & Sculpture wants encouragement—and that none but foreigners have excell'd in any branch of those polite arts. that the want of Establishments & academys for drawing & schools for teaching th[e] Rudiments or Elements of lines, was ever wanting. true enough so it is and has been, that none that are Natives or very few ever arrived at some tollerable degree of excellence altho' some English artists have travell'd abroad in France Flanders Italy &c still of them few very rarely did any arrive at a degree of Excellence in History painting portrait painting Limning, Carving statuary, sculpture-Engraving Enamelling Miniature painters and other branches of the Lineal arts architecture building Medalls & Coins Graving chaseing of Gold & silver Gemms of raw stone or wood Cutting &c.

But at this present time some natives and Genius have been cultivated by degrees. with others who have settled here that make quite a different figure in lineal Arts in every branch near equal to any neighbouring nation at present as far as is accounted by those who have been a broad in most places so it appears by report.

* The most curious example of this "vanity or humour" I have come across is the seated statue of Sir James Tillie cut in sandstone and erected, according to his will, in a lofty brick tower at Pentillie, Cornwall. The work is rude enough—a sort of caricature of that of Bird and Cibber—but the admirable lettering and architectural ornaments of the chair are a striking tribute to the tradition of good craftsmanship prevailing in a part of England so remote. The work is well illustrated in Baring-Gould's *Cornish Characters and Strange Events*, and the ornamental foliage and fruit alluded to come well out of the comparison with the living hartstongue ferns which have sprung up about and on the statue itself since 1713.

to fix the Observations. to begin with the lineal Arts we may venture to place in the first rank, two noblemen [Lords Burlington and Oxford to wit] whose studys and skill in Geometry & Architecture, are really without dispute are not only great & true Judges of those sciences but real practitioners of it in a fine degree and taste, equal or above the professors who indeed may be said to be many. by their desseins & works executed are obvious, to every curious Eye. indeed this profession of Building has many profitable advantages which makes it worth while to study travel & Labour. Most of them in good employments soon get more easily riches & fortune—of the other employment of portrait painter of face painting, several of late have made great progress by their Genius study in Travells which may be seen by those examples of their works in many great houses, and especially at the Foundling Hospital, where their works are deposited—on publick View—both in History & portraiture.

next to them the Sculptors Statuaries Carvers—by Monuments made and erected in many places especially in the Abby church of Westminster.

the works of Mr. Bird. Mr. Rysbrack Mr. Scheemaker Sheers [? Cheere] & Roubillac—confirm the Observations that such works are equal to such done abroad any where—see also the Ornamentals & Sculpture & Stucco works at Vaux hall Gardens & Rotunda*—& Raneligh Gardens.

but of enamelling that has long bore an excellent character from the reputation supported by Mr. G. Boit Mr. Zink [Zincke] Mr [space left] and others—

and no less has been the admiration of those multitude of Gold chased work done by several artists English & foreigners whose names are various such as Mr.

[space left] for neatness and design. Mr. Heckle, Mr Mosar—and many others to be remembered and yearly produce works of Gold boxes watch cases—tweezers &c. multitudes for their excellence not only admired here but sold for abroad to many parts of the World.

The passage, if not wholly relevant to our present purpose, is particularly important as showing the increase of taste in this country and the rapid progress made by English art on the commercial side during the eighteenth century. How far that art had sunk may be realised by a glance at any illustrated book on the Great Exhibition of 1851, itself an improvement on the arts of the day, which to us is yet Philistine beyond endurance.

How, then, came our sculpture to be so degraded that the Greek Slave could ever be regarded as a masterpiece? Partly, no doubt, because the demand for sculpture other than commemorative has always been limited. “A great personage,” we read in *The Picture of London* (1805) “some years ago laying his hand upon a very fine marble statue, remarked, *that sculpture was too cold for this country*. If we are to draw our conclusion from the comparatively little encouragement it receives, it may, perhaps, appear that the observation is founded in truth.” Even sculptors so distinguished as Banks and Proctor never carried some of their ideal works beyond the plaster stage, but the time was coming when monumental sculpture itself was to receive a blow from which it has never yet recovered.

* The Rotunda at Vauxhall, inside decorations designed by Moser Chaser and executed by French and Italians.

Here the analogy of literature may help us. The poems of William Hayley, the friend of Cowper and patron of William Blake, were immensely popular, the *Triumphs of Temper*, in the emasculated Popeian couplet, running into twelve editions in nineteen years; yet but for his connection with greater names, he and his poems would be alike forgotten. In spite of Odes and Elegies, the couplet was still triumphant in 1781, the year which saw the birth of the *Triumphs of Temper*; yet the forces of revolt were at work, and Blake and Burns, Cowper and Crabbe, during the very years of Hayley's success, were heralding the new style which in the next generation was to oust the old.

As in the world of poetry, so in the world of sculpture. The old forms went on, apparently as popular as before. Wilton, Bacon and Nollekens continued to people the land with angels and mourning females, weeping loves and classical warriors; the younger Bacon, Westmacott, Theed and Bailey carried on the tradition into the nineteenth century, now modifying Grief and Justice to Religion or to Hope, now classicising after the manner of Canova or the Elgin Marbles, but ever growing feebler. Banks indeed, had gone on his solitary way producing occasional masterpieces such as the recumbent figure Speaker Chute at the Vyne, Hampshire, or the Penelope Boothby at Ashbourne, which no one can look at unmoved; but all too often he fell under the new Hellenic influence, and the result was lamentable. His monument in St. Paul's to Captain Westcott, with a Pheidian Victory and a whiskered classical warrior, for instance, is only not the worst of the time because its neighbours, Sir William Ponsonby and General Hay, are there to show to what further depths of bathos and incompetence English sculpture could descend.

Chantrey's manner is altogether too various for generalisation to be possible. His great Pike-Watts group at Ilam, Derbyshire, is in the Girardon-Roubiliac tradition; his Duchess of Dorset at Withyham is delicately classical; his appalling Watts in Westminster Abbey is a frock-coated contemporary magnified to the *n*th; his Primate Stewart at Armagh and Bishop North at Winchester are Christian *stelae* worthy of the Cерамеиcus. He therefore represents no definite descent from the eighteenth century, only a curious eclecticism; and his influence is too various, his disciples too obscure, for enumeration here.

To Flaxman* more than to any other critic is due the present unpopularity of the eighteenth-century sculpture. To his mind, trained upon the Antique as he knew it, only Banks was in the right way; the hybrid style of Rysbrack and Scheemaker was intolerable; and from the picturesque or Berninesque in sculpture, and by consequence from the work of Roubiliac, his whole being revolted. His denunciations of the first were contemptuous rather than indignant: "mere workmen, too insipid to

* It is curious to note that as late as 1805 Flaxman's work was described as "perhaps rather too simple for the taste of the people of this country, who are, generally speaking, enthusiastic admirers of the spirited, though rather French style, of Roubiliac." (*Picture of London*, p. 279). Within twenty years every trace of this French style had disappeared.

offend," were not worthy of consideration ; but his attacks on Roubiliac were so grossly unjust as to move even his admirer Allan Cunningham to call them "unworthy of his natural kindness and candour." Of Flaxman's own art it must suffice to say that the early and often lovely Hellenism, its more mixed and Christianised successor, the rather feeble Gothicism, of which his three tombs at Salisbury are the type, and the Wordsworth-like domesticity of many of his models at University College, were all equally hostile to eighteenth-century art. Yet once at least, in his colossal Petrie monument at Lewisham, he may almost be called a successor of Roubiliac ; and his best work, one of the noblest in the whole range of English sculpture, is thoroughly eighteenth-century in composition. That work, the monument of the Earl of Mansfield in Westminster Abbey, with its stately figure in full robes throned upon a lofty pedestal, its Justice with the scales, its Wisdom expounding Law and its "emblematical trophy" composed of "his Lordship's arms, the mantle of honour, the fasces, etc.", with "the poetical emblem of Death amongst the ancients—a fair youth leaning on an extinguished torch, between two funeral altars" (G. L. Smyth, *Monuments and Genii* II., p. 657), is an example of eighteenth-century art at its best ; but the sculptor who could execute a work so noble out of traditional materials was not the man to throw stones at the marble allegories of his predecessors*.

* One puzzle connected with Flaxman's denunciations of the sculptors who preceded Banks I have wholly failed to solve. In his Address on the death of Banks he rolls off the names of Cibber, Gibbons, Scheemaker, Rysbrack, Roubiliac and *Bertocini* as those of the foreign artists who perverted our sculpture—how justly we shall see hereafter. *Bertocini* remains a complete enigma.

(*To be concluded*)

LEIGH HUNT : Some Unfamiliar Apologists

By MAURICE BUXTON FORMAN

SIR EDMUND GOSSE in one of his collections of essays selected from the *Sunday Times*—"sermons," he calls them, "preached" from that secular pulpit every week—includes a sympathetic paper on Leigh Hunt. He points out that Hunt's exact place in our literary history remains undetermined and that, while his faults as a writer and a man are almost proverbial, his merits are rarely mentioned. And he helps, as we all do by referring to it, to keep alive the memory of the damning and damnable caricature painted by a contemporary who holds no uncertain place in English literature and in the hearts of English-speaking people all the world over. To Charles Dickens must be credited much, indeed very much, of the responsibility of making Leigh Hunt's faults as a man proverbial, and all he did in the way of personal apology failed to remove the mud that he had flung; nor was the retraction published in *All the Year Round* some months after Hunt's death, in which he declared that "in all public and private transactions" Hunt "was the very soul of truth and honour," more successful in that direction.

Much may be gathered of Leigh Hunt's character from his autobiography published in 1850, that is of his own views of his character, but still more of those views are to be found in a document he printed but did not publish, and which was left for the late James Dykes Campbell to unearth some thirty years ago in a volume of pamphlets in the John Forster collection at South Kensington. This "find" was a quarto half-sheet apparently printed to match with the first edition of Hunt's *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*, unpagged, and headed "An attempt of the Author to estimate his own character." It is referred to in the appendix to the second edition of the Byron book :

It was intended to close this edition with some letters out of the *Morning Chronicle*, and an "attempt" (which I had promised in them) "to estimate my own character." But I am obliged to break my promise, on finding advisers of opinion that the performance of it, instead of doing what I wished, would subject me to suspicion of intending the reverse.

But this second edition was an octavo book, and as Mr. Campbell pointed out when he made known his discovery and reprinted the document in *The Athenæum* (March 25, 1893), the form of the sheet preserved by Forster shows that it was meant to go with the first edition which was published in one volume quarto. Hunt's estimate has since been reprinted by Mr. R. Brimley Johnson in his biography of Leigh Hunt (1896) and again in Mr. Roger Ingpen's edition of the autobiography (1903), but that Hunt, apart from his final determination, was dissatisfied with it as first printed is disclosed by the recent discovery of two pages of the print worked on in manuscript by the author.

These two pages contain all but a few lines of that part of the "estimate" appearing on pages 256 and 257 of the second volume of Mr. Ingpen's edition of the autobiography ; in other words paragraph 7, except the first twenty-six words, paragraphs 8 and 9, and half of paragraph 10 of the original print.

Paragraph 7 reads as follows :

My friends will be surprised to hear this. But I flatter myself they will be more surprised when I tell them (and I suffer inexpressible pain in the telling it) that I am not a courageous man. I feel as if the respect of one sex, and the love of the other, were forsaking me when I say so ; but they ought not : and this reflection re-assures me. Yes :—circumstances, known only to myself, have shown me that the organisation I was born with has been weakened by subsequent cares and demands upon it, into a mortifying destitution of physical courage. In a family of men remarkable for their bravery, I am the only timid person. When I look round upon my brothers, I think that the fears of a mother, and the calamities caused by the American war, have deprived me of a part of my birthright. But I have great moral courage. Allow me a pale face and a little reflection ; and as there is scarcely a danger in life which I have not hazarded, so there is none I could not go through with in a good cause.

Each line of this paragraph after the words " inexpressible pain " has been struck out, and doubtless if the previous page were forthcoming it would be found that Hunt intended the whole paragraph to be deleted.

The eighth paragraph contains two important changes besides some minor alterations in punctuation. In the Forster print this paragraph runs :

I differ from the world upon some great points of morals and religion. Modern philosophy, and new views for society, have taught me to do so. I know that I could have stood to the last,—that I should not have been the first or even the last " faithless friend,"—by the side of an unequivocally good system,—good for all, sincere, plain, equable, and fit for eternity. But I cannot and will not be a traitor to the nobler aspirations planted within us, and tending to produce such a system. If the world can be altered, I will not be one to baulk an event so glorious : if it cannot, my endeavours shall be among those that keep it in heart. I have indeed something of the Hamlet in me (these speculations are far beyond either modesty or vanity) which makes me sometimes misgive myself, and doubt whether what appears to me best at one time is the same at another. But I was educated under one system, and learnt to believe in another. I pretend to be exempt from no weaknesses but falsehood, revenge, and implacability ; and must take my chance among other strugglers, sure only of good intentions. Oh, were others only sincere, how gladly would I learn of them, instead of teach ; and how surely would the world know what is best for it, by the comparisons of their experience !

Hunt has altered " faithless friend " to " faithless found," and has struck out the words " revenge, and implacability " substituting for them " and malevolence," thus making that sentence read " I pretend to be exempt from no weaknesses but falsehood and malevolence."

The personal element which characterises the sole amendment made in the next paragraph invests it with greater interest than is shown in the sum

of the other emendations. The paragraph contains the sentence "But perhaps the greatest difference between me and any other living writer (with the exception of Mr. Hazlitt) is that I speak all in my own name and at my own risk, whereas the custom is to rail and play the hypocrite in a mask ; and none will have been so loud against me on this occasion, as those who have played it most." Here Hunt has erased the brackets and the six words standing within them, thus practically claiming to be the only writer speaking in his own name and at his own risk.

The last paragraph to come under notice here reads as follows :

I would not have missed the obligations I have had from my friends, no, hardly to have been exempt from all the cares of money ; so little do I hold with that writer, who spoke the other day of " the degrading obligations of private friendship." I see beyond that. But I do not the less hold with him, that it is " comely and sweet " to be able to earn one's own sufficiency. I only think that it should not be made so hard a matter to do so as it very often is, by the systems of society, and the effects which they have in reserve for us even before we are born, and in our very temperaments as well as fortunes : and I think also that the world would have been losers in a very large way,—far beyond what the *utilitarians* suppose, and yet on their own ground,—if certain men of a lively and improvident genius,—humanists, of the most persuasive order, had not sometimes left themselves under the necessity of being assisted in a smaller way. But I desire, for my own part, not to be excused in anything, in which I do not take the whole of my fellow-creatures and their errors along with me. Let me not be left out of the pale of humanity, for praise or for blame ; and I am content. I desire only to teach and be taught or if that be too presumptuous a saying, to learn and compare notes. Happy and proud as I am to have been obliged, [I] could have waived even that felicity to have saved myself the remorse of not having secured something for my children. But this I trust I am now in the way of doing. They have wits of their own, thank God ! if I should fail ; and they at least have a happy childhood, and learn to have a passion for a liberal justice.

The print under review goes only as far as the italicised portion above, and Hunt has scored out the passage beginning " I see beyond that " down to the end of the page, leaving only the first sentence with its reference to the degrading obligations of private friendship. In the margin he has written : " But I have spoken upon this, as well as other points, in a letter at the end of this work," a reference probably to the *Morning Chronicle* letters, which, as already stated, it had been his intention to include at the end of the second edition of *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*.

Perhaps this does not throw much new light on Leigh Hunt's character, but anything that aids in easing the burden of faults attributed to that kindly man is worthy of consideration.

After his death Hunt's eldest son, Thornton, has something to say of his father's character and habits in an article entitled *A Man of Letters of the Last Generation*, which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for January, 1860, and two and a half years later some *Memoranda Concerning Mr. Leigh Hunt*, by Thomas Carlyle, were printed in Macmillan's

Magazine (July, 1862), in a paper on Leigh Hunt's poetry. Carlyle's first paragraph may be quoted here :

That Mr. Hunt is a man of the most indisputably superior worth ; a *Man of Genius* in a very strict sense of that word, and in all the senses which it bears or implies ; of brilliant varied gifts, of graceful fertility, of clearness, lovingness, truthfulness ; of child-like open character ; also of most pure and even exemplary private deportment ; a man who can be other than *loved* only by those who have not seen him, or seen him from a distance through a false medium.

And in a later paragraph Carlyle wrote :

Neither do his distresses, nor did they at any time, arise from wastefulness, or the like, on his own part (he is a man of humble wishes, and can live with dignity on little) ; but from crosses of what is called Fortune, from injustice of other men, from inexperience of his own, and a guileless trustfulness of nature ; the thing and things that have made him unsuccessful make him in reality *more* lovable, and plead for him in the minds of the candid.

The views of another contemporary as outspoken and fearless as Hunt himself are also worthy of resuscitation. When Hunt passed away his friend and some-time associate in literary enterprises, Richard Henry Horne, was still in Australia writing poems and plays and contributing letters and articles to the local newspaper press on any subject that interested him. Indeed the bulk of Horne's fugitive writings is somewhat overwhelming and at this date it would be no light task to trace and bring together the output of his " varied, or rather variegated, intellect." To *The Southern Cross* in December, 1859, Horne contributed a long article on Hunt ; it occupied three columns in the issue of December 3rd, and nearly four columns in the issue of the 10th. This is what he wrote of the character of his friend :

As it would be impossible to disguise the shades of Leigh Hunt's character, it will be best to deal with them fairly and openly, by which means we shall, at any rate, assist in preventing darker tints from being given than truth should permit, and show, at the same time, that some of these shadows,—however reprehensible in themselves, were not altogether out of harmony with the amiability of his character, with the honesty and ingenuousness of his nature. If he were here now, and sitting opposite while I write this, he would ask no other treatment.

A certain fictitious character is portrayed in one of the works of a mutual friend (Mr. Charles Dickens) which has been pretty widely circulated as a copy from Leigh Hunt. This is true in a very limited degree ; and all the rest, comprising all the most important things, is utterly false,—there is no similarity whatever. Let this always be borne in mind, when such a question is mooted. Besides, Mr. Dickens has himself repudiated the charge. The nature of Leigh Hunt was honest ; his principles were honest in all abstract, and in all great public questions whether of politics, theology, literature, ethics and artistic matters of taste ; but in his private life, and in his dealings with that circle practically, he seemed to have no fixed principles of any kind. He cared nothing about running into debt, borrowing money to discharge the debts, not doing any such thing, but spending the money and increasing the debts. When the time came to pay, he was surprised and confounded at the unfortunate circumstance ; he had never thought of this—he had

no means whatever to pay—and he just said so. He considered that this frank statement ought to set the whole matter at rest. The consequences were, that he was never out of debt, therefore never out of difficulties, vexations, troubles ; continually put to shameful shifts, and reduced to the last extremity. Howbeit, these “ last extremities ” occurred so very often, that eventually he came to regard them as a normal condition of his house ; and having always ridden over the out-of-door breakers of life, he sat at home in an easy chair, under the cheerful belief that he should always ride over his troubles somehow, and again shake his feathers in the sun. Certainly Leigh Hunt had no proper feeling about gratitude, often he was helped through the adverse currents by one friendly hand and another. He could not, metaphysically, be termed ungrateful, because he really did not rightly estimate the feeling known as gratitude. Benefits to him flowed off, like water from a duck’s back. He never felt them. How could he feel them before they came ? How could he feel them after they were gone ? There was nothing tangible in the entire transaction. Yet he would have been pained and grieved to have heard it said that he was an ungrateful man ; and chiefly pained for the person who made so thoughtless and unjust an accusation. The fact was, in his view of himself, he was grateful in the profoundest degree. And so he was, as a matter of sentiment ; but ask him to do something,—any small service, and then it appeared that nothing of that kind ought to have been expected of him. Moreover, he would say that any exaction of the least return, destroyed all the generosity of the service and cancelled the obligation. “ If a man does me a service, he does it out of the generosity and kindness of his heart ; and it must be a great pleasure to him. If he does this out of mere ostentation,—an idea of his own superiority, expecting many thanks, and to humble me by the obligation, then he deserves no gratitude at all. If he does it from pure and noble friendship, the pleasure of this consciousness fully repays him.” Now I have heard Leigh Hunt talk exactly in this vein ; and more hasty persons will be ready to exclaim, “ Why, this is just like the character in Mr. Dickens’ work ! ” So it is—that part of it ; but that part is one of the smallest constituents of the character of Mr. Leigh Hunt. That it comprises no particle of his best genius, or of the influence of his works on literature and the world, must be apparent to everybody capable of appreciating them, and to the most casual thinker.

In the matter of gratitude the opinion of the author of *Orion* is not altogether confirmed by another contemporary, to wit, Charles Weatherby Reynell, who for nearly half a century was the printer of the *Examiner*, who as a youth was one of Leigh Hunt’s most constant visitors during his incarceration in Horsemonger Lane Gaol, and in whose house at Putney Leigh Hunt died on the 28th August, 1859. Reynell lived on until 1892, and when he passed away in his ninety-fourth year his daughter sent to the editor of *The Athenæum* the following letter “ which her father desired to see printed, as exhibiting Leigh Hunt in a very different character from that too commonly ascribed to him in relation to money matters.”

Kensington, Aug. 23, [1847]

My dear Charles,—

Do not apologise, pray, for speaking of a just claim, and one too so long and so kindly overlooked ; —so long indeed, that I should be shocked to say I had forgotten it, if it were not to excuse myself for never having mentioned it to you

meanwhile. But so it is—I have been fairly crushed under troubles of all kinds, and the recollection of it pressed out of me.

But not my gratitude, now you speak of it. And thank God, I can meet it. My pension does not commence its payments till the 1st of October ; but by the luckiest chance in the world I have this very day received 25ol. from my kind amateur friends ; and if you will step up here to-morrow morning any time before 12, I will pay you the 6ol. odd with kindest thanks from your ever obliged
and affectionate friend,

Leigh Hunt.

Here, then, we have some indications of the “ labyrinthine ways ” of Hunt’s own mind together with the opinions of some of his contemporaries. Conflicting as these views may appear, taken as a whole they are clearly favourable to Leigh Hunt. The evidence of others might be cited, but the present object is to give prominence to authorities not always invoked—some of them not easily available. If the “ still small voice of gratitude ” was a doubtful quantity in Leigh Hunt’s composition, he assuredly possessed some of the sterner virtues, and as this paper started with a reference to the author of *Bleak House* it may well end with further testimony from the same source. In a letter to Hunt announcing the despatch to him of the first four numbers of *Oliver Twist* and an American edition of *Pickwick*, Dickens wrote : “ You are an old stager in works, but a young one in faith—faith in all beautiful and excellent things.” And so, accepting the words of one who did him a great injury, unintentionally, it may be conceded, there need be no fear for Leigh Hunt if we also credit the dictum of that old hypocrite and tuft-hunter, Edward Young, that

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next.

CORRESPONDENCE

SHAKESPEARE'S MEMORIAL THEATRE

(*To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY*)

SIR,—May I beg space to utter a pious hope in connection with the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon? That this theatre, like (yet how unlike!) the Globe on Bankside, was destroyed by fire is a coincidence reminding us that for nearly three centuries, no Englishman has seen a Shakspearian play acted on a genuinely Shakspearian stage, unless we except Mr. William Poel's productions at the Inns of Court. He alone has pointed the way; but he is not a builder and contractor with public funds at his disposal.

Why should there not rise at Stratford an approximate reproduction of the Globe, or Fortune, Theatre? Why should we not have just *one* Playhouse in England wherein all could see the plays of Shakespeare acted in the only way contemplated by the poet and his fellow players? In such a theatre we should have, at last, that powerful incentive to attend the annual performances which has been lacking for so long. We have had no such inducement in the past, save in so far as sentiment has outpaced mileage. For who will claim that even so fine a producer as Mr. Bridges-Adams has better scope in Warwickshire than he might have in London, or that *Hamlet* in the hideous theatre which is now a ruin was more interesting than at the "Old Vic"? A unique chance comes our way—and even an architect. For the identical plans from which the Fortune Theatre was erected for Alleyn in the seventeenth century still survive in the archives of Dulwich College. This theatre had a platform (or apron) stage only a few inches smaller than that of Drury Lane to-day, and the Dulwich papers would provide an admirable basis in the hands of a first-class modern architect endowed with the necesasry historical sense to appreciate his task.

In any case it seems certain that, unless this apt and rare occasion is seized, no Englishman will ever see Shakespeare in his proper element; for an Elizabethan stage is admittedly unsuitable for the production of our post-Restoration, or "picture-frame" drama, and no other theatre in Europe, save that at Stratford, is solely consecrated to the service of Shakespeare.

A minor recommendation of the Elizabethan stage is that it was native to the soil and temper of our race, deliberately adapted to our dramatic needs and to those of no other nation. It was as English as Shakespeare and his Stratford.

What an opportunity! But will it be for us a means of grace, or only yet another occasion of sin?—Yours, etc.

R. N. GREEN-ARMYTAGE.

"THE MYTH OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON"

(*To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY*)

SIR,—I have just read in your April number the letter of "A Border Stevensonian." I should have thought he was a little beyond the border, but that is only a matter of opinion.

He cannot abide my having said in the articles I wrote to THE LONDON MERCURY last summer that Stevenson's style at its worst was sheer journalese, and he disposes of such a heresy by asserting simply and sublimely "As a matter of fact Stevenson never wrote sheer journalese. . . ." That is all, but surely it is enough, for who can stand against such close reasoning and such pitiless logic? Having thus proved his case, the Border Stevensonian, with Napoleonic tactics, carries the war into the enemy's country, and tells us that if anyone wants a sample of what *he* regards as sheer journalese, let him read the concluding sentence of my article.

I assure this powerful logician that he may consider me completely annihilated. His arguments, his withering satire, his Crusading ardour, and his anonymity are irresistible. Never was there a case more subtly argued.

The rest of his letter seems to be an advertisement for collected editions of Stevenson's works, and, perhaps, a shade irrelevantly, he tells us that he sends most of the periodicals he takes in to the Red Cross Hospital Library, which he quaintly calls "the sack and the label." That is very kind of him; I see he is charitable as well as crushing. But I like him best when he crushes.—Yours, etc.

25, Brompton Square.

E. F. BENSON.

"PRINCE RANDOLPH"

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—As a bibliographical comment on Mr. Cyril Falls' article on "Prince Randolph" in the March number of THE LONDON MERCURY, in which he states that there is no recent edition of Randolph, may I call your attention to the fact that the Yale University Press published an edition of the *Poems* and the *Amyntas* in 1917, and that this is still in print and may be obtained through Mr. Humphrey Milford?—Yours, etc.

Department of English University of Illinois.

JOHN J. PARRY.

CHARLES MONTAGU DOUGHTY

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—While Charles M. Doughty's work is brought to mind by his recent death it is perhaps worth while to record his words written in 1905 when *The Dawn in Britain* was in preparation.—Yours, etc.

GEORGE H. MILSTED.

Oxford & Cambridge Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Mount St. Mary,
Totland Bay,
I. of W.

21 Nov. [1905]

Dear Sir,

Not to delay publication, which I am also desirous should be as soon as possible I have looked rather rapidly through the vols; & think, as you say in your letter of the 15th, that the not-plain-to-all English words have been already nearly sufficiently explained in the foot-notes. Indeed I have but found two or three more which I suppose might offer any difficulty to a reader not already familiar with Spenser & Chaucer.

I have been somewhat at a loss to know quite in what form to cast the little addition you suggested. As the sixth vol. extends to 240 pages, I thought there would be room for about 10 more.

What I have done, (& this I now enclose, and submit to your judgment,) takes the form of a slight Index & Glossary: & to the head of this, I have added what Chaucer calls "a little thing in prose" which sets forth briefly, according to my understanding, that which is the eternally true *poesis*. The *D. in Britain* has been in my mind for now 37 years.

(These papers I now enclose).

Yours truly

George H. Milsted, Esq.

Ch. M. Doughty.

BYRON

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—I read in the February issue of THE LONDON MERCURY Prince D. S. Mirsky's criticism on the book *La fortuna di Byron in Inghilterra*. Prince Mirsky says that "as far as he knows it is the first book in any Continental language to give expression to the extreme English anti-Byronic attitude." Fifteen years ago in Prague there issued a book on Wordsworth, written in Czech language by Dr. F. Chudoba, now Professor of English language and literature at the Masaryk University in Brno, Czechoslovakia. In one part of this book Prof. Chudoba gives his mind to Byron, and he criticises him from the extreme anti-Byronic point of view. So I think *this* "is the first book written in any Continental language to give expression to the extreme English anti-Byronic attitude."—Yours, etc.

F. KLEIN.

Prerov, Husova 6, Czechoslovakia.

A DRYDEN MISPRINT

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—None of Dryden's editors, not even Mr. Saintsbury, seems to have noticed a printer's error—at least we must call it that—in Act Three, Scene One, of *All For Love*, an error which occurs in all editions I have seen, including Scott's, *The Mermaid*, and the version in the *Everyman* volume of Restoration Plays.

Antony has just called Cleopatra "My brighter Venus!" to which she replies, "O my greater Mars!" In the middle of his next speech Antony says—as usually printed—

Receive me, goddess!

Let Cæsar spread his subtle nets; like Vulcan,
In thy embraces I would be beheld
By heaven and earth at once;

Obviously the semicolon should not come after "nets" but after "Vulcan," as it was Mars who was trapped in the arms of Venus by Vulcan's "subtle nets," and not the reverse. Of course, the punctuation could remain as it is, and "Mars" substituted for "Vulcan" at the end of the line, a change which would make the line metrically quite regular. However, we must assume that Dryden wrote "Vulcan" and that the printer was responsible for the mistake.—Yours, etc.

E. L. WARMINGTON.

A LETTER FROM IRELAND

THE drama is the most popular form of artistic recreation in Ireland. We are a theatre-going people, but not a reading or book-buying people, and, for that reason, of the various forms which the Irish literary movement has taken, plays have been easily the most successful. There are patriots and pietists of the old guard by whom the Abbey Theatre is still condemned, along with the rest of Anglo-Irish literature, in terms that might be extravagant if applied to the work, say, of Mr. Joyce. Since we are not much inclined, as I say, towards reading, this propaganda may have effects in limiting the circulation in Ireland of books by modern Irish writers ; it has not much curiosity with which to contend. If our poets and thinkers are "steeped in paganism," we can, with an easier conscience, confine our activities of the intelligence to politics and racing. The Abbey Theatre, on the other hand, was from the first an object of popular curiosity. It had, in the Synge period, to encounter some hostility : but, once that was overcome, success was assured. The talent of the Irish players has always been appreciated in Dublin, and, almost from the beginning, a portion at least of the work which the Abbey Theatre produced had a genuinely local and popular appeal. It is fitting, therefore, that the new Irish Government should present the management with a small subsidy, qualifying its action by the nomination of a Catholic to the board of directors. The Theatre has henceforth, I suppose, an officially national character.

Of late, the big "draw" at the Abbey Theatre has been Mr. O'Casey, this year's winner of the Hawthornden Prize, author of *Juno and the Paycock*, *The Shadow of the Gunman* and *Nanny's Night Out*. Mr. O'Casey's coming work is looked forward to with unusual excitement. *Juno* has meanwhile been brought to London, and Mr. O'Casey's career has been the subject of many paragraphs in the English Press. A working man from the tenements, he has been writing plays from his youth, and had sent many manuscripts to the directors of the theatre before *Juno* was accepted. I think one may also attribute to him a little book entitled *The Story of the Citizen Army*, which was published many years ago and gives an enthusiastic account of Mr. Larkin as Labour's redeemer. It has some historical value, but is poorly written, and its rather crude attempt at literary effects diminishes its force as propaganda. One remembers this little book when reading the plays. One of Mr. O'Casey's favourite humorous devices is that of making the most improbable characters, in the most improbable places, the mouthpieces of literary sentimentality : Davoren, in *The Shadow of the Gunman*, with his tags from Shelley, is an example.

Mr. O'Casey has borrowed some of Mr. Shaw's technique ; but one neither hears, nor overhears, any advocacy of Socialism in his work for the stage. Poverty and misery are presented without comment on society in general. *Nanny's Night Out* is a character sketch of a young girl who is a victim of alcoholism, and the two longer plays are in substance equally painful. The "Paycock" is another drunkard, with a humour and eloquence that give him pride of place in a company of wastrels : hence his nickname. His great ally is one Joxer, pale-faced and sententious, an authentic type. Joxer, a melancholy humbug of the slums, sponges on the "Paycock," as the "Paycock" sponges on his good wife, Juno ; and there is much riotous and familiar comedy in the efforts of the two men to defeat Juno's efforts towards their reform.

One certainly overhears in both plays a comment on the particulars of Irish life. In both of them Mr. O'Casey uses material supplied by the "war in Ireland." In

the *Shadow of the Gunman* English soldiers are still in this country, in *Junó* Free Staters and Republicans are fighting each other. Both plays express a mood of disillusion, and it is evident that they were written after the fighting had lost its glamour.

The doomed boy in *Junó and the Paycock* is a figure in the background until the last act. He moves like a ghost about that rampagious tenement. He alone takes no part in the Dickensian comedy of the Paycock's illusory prosperity. His fate is certain, and in the last act the men in the trench coats arrive and take him out. The thing was happening every week a few years ago, and there was no inquest at which those trench coats were not mentioned. Mr. O'Casey has rendered with admirable art a reality of Ireland in troubled times. The secret revolutionary organisation in its pitilessness was also a thing of the background—hearsay in the slums as in the suburbs—and in its contacts with normal life there was always a shock of tragical incongruity. The Irish "war" is seen in Mr. O'Casey's plays from the bewildered standpoint of a vast majority of non-combatants.

It is not difficult to account for Mr. O'Casey's popular success. Minds have not greatly changed since Synge's work was hooted off the stage, because it was alleged that he gave an unfriendly version of Irish life. But we know that patriotism can express itself in sinister ways, and that our slums are sordid; and the heroic politics that ended in the gunman are now out of fashion. The exhortations to Christian piety and forbearance that are frequent in these plays—usually they come from a woman's mouth—correspond with the current vague feeling that all have sinned, and that, if none be good, no one is worse than his neighbour. The political "moral" that people here draw from Mr. O'Casey's plays is not a sound one; but that is another story. At all events one cannot suspect Mr. O'Casey of malice, as one suspected Synge, with whom he has foolishly been compared. The women in the *Playboy* making a hero of the man who has "killed his da" effectively live, although they are not in a literal sense true to life. On the other hand, the truth of Mr. O'Casey's plays is truth of a literal or documentary order: take, for example, the "Paycock's" assumption of the rôle of a righteous father in face of his daughter's lapse from virtue. The easy automatic reaction to convention of the good-for-nothing rogue is really amazing, as amazing as any situation imagined by Synge; but Mr. O'Casey has literally represented here what would commonly happen in like circumstances.

Certainly Mr. O'Casey exaggerates, caricatures, heightens the local colour: as A. E. has said, his people toss the coppers of speech to and fro, where Synge's people throw about golden phrases; but there is the same play of vital language. Only at bottom Mr. O'Casey is not a poet, but an observer of types and events who puts on the stage recognisable examples of recognisable conditions. He is not obsessed, like other Irish realists, by the brutal and the obscene. His plays are sociological representations, an intelligent exploitation of the external features of a life which has attracted his rich powers of observation; his men at their worst resemble normal beings, if only because they preserve the common humour of the town, and his women have always some ideal quality. When one remembers also that he can tell an exciting story and that, unlike some of his fellow-dramatists at the Abbey, he can construct what the orthodox theatre-goer understands by a play, we have accounted fully enough for his success.

Mr. O'Casey cannot be justly put among the new Irish realists, most prominent of whom is a novelist, Mr. Liam O'Flaherty, a remarkable talent. Of these it has been said maliciously, they not only write about gunmen, but they write with the pens of gunmen. The newer realists seek to disturb our imaginative and intellectual complacency, where Mr. O'Casey disturbs our moral complacency only. And that not

very seriously ; to judge from the laughter which continuously rattles through the performance of his plays. But after all the sins and failings which characters like the "Paycock " and Joxer exhibit are those to which Irish nature admits, not those with which it affects to have no acquaintance.

The influence of the gunman on Anglo-Irish writers does not come within the scope of either of the two studies of the Irish literary background that have recently come to us from abroad : Mr. Jephson O'Connor's *Changing Ireland* and Mademoiselle Tery's *Isle des Bardes*. The change to which Mr. O'Connor alludes is that accomplished by the Gaelic League and the poets of the Celtic Renaissance. Mr. O'Connor is rather naïve ; he supposes that the poets of the Celtic movement speak Irish, and quotes Mr. Lynd as an example of a Gaelic scholar. Mademoiselle Tery's clever book is the result of first-hand observation, and she falls into very few errors of fact, while her enthusiasm is most refreshing. This enthusiasm extends from A. E. to Mr. Joyce (whom she interviewed in Paris), and to Mr. Joyce not only as a writer, but also as an Irishman. " I speak to him of Ireland, for I know well that this is the magic word for him " : and he takes letters, papers and photographs from his pocket, and all of them have to do with Ireland. Mademoiselle Tery looks forward to the time when Dublin will put up a statue to Mr. Joyce ; for is not *Ulysses* the fine flower of Irish Nationalism ?

The Irish are only Catholics because the English are Protestants ; Catholicism is the Irish way of being Protestant. Their Catholicism is in effect aggressive : it is a form of their protestant patriotism. But by way of emulation, and to prove to the English that they can be as rigorous as they, the Irish have had to go one better than the Protestants in their Puritanism. Irish Catholicism is very different from the conciliatory French Catholicism. That is why France could not bring to light so fierce a rebel as Joyce. The Jesuits have only succeeded in giving Voltaire to France, and he is only a naughty street-urchin beside Joyce, the Irishman.

J. M. HONE

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES & NEWS

Correspondence from readers on all subjects of bibliographical interest is invited. Our Correspondent will, to the best of his ability, answer all queries addressed to him.

GENERAL NOTES

MR. PHILIP GOSSE, already known to many discerning persons for his *The Pirates' Who's Who*, has now compiled a catalogue of his collection of books on pirates and piracy, of which, under the title of *My Pirate Library*, three hundred numbered and signed copies have just been issued, at fifteen shillings each, by Messrs. Dulau & Company. Sir Edmund Gosse contributes a short introductory note, in which he proudly claims the author as the fourth consecutive literary man of his line; and trusts that he himself, "if he can live a few years longer, may correct the proofs of a fifth generation." How Mr. Philip Gosse came to devote himself to pirates and pirate-lore, he may be allowed here to explain for himself:

But I have a reason for my hobby: or, at least, I cherish the fond belief that I have.

It happened years ago when I was a child, that there used to call upon us a certain romantic-looking gentleman, an old friend of my parents. I remember now little about him except that he came to see us on warm summer evenings, and that he used to wear over his shoulders a red silk shawl borrowed from my Mother, as he sat on our balcony, and that we children eagerly leant up against him while he told us wonderful stories.

* * * * *

It was on these occasions that our nurse would say, with a vexatious sigh, "Whenever that there Mr. Stevenson comes here I never can get you children to sleep."

What a great start for a piratophile—to have been set upon one's road by R. L. Stevenson in the flesh! No wonder that Mr. Gosse's literary hobby has never palled upon him, but has led him to make the collection of books which he now catalogues. This catalogue makes excellent dipping (besides being most valuable as a guide for those certainly numerous persons who will wish to emulate Mr. Gosse), though I wish the compiler had allowed himself a little more latitude in the matter of notes—and I wish this because such notes as Mr. Gosse does give open up such agreeably romantic vistas for us. For instance, after a collation of de Lussan's *Journal du Voyage fait à la Mer de Sud avec les Filibustiers de l'Amerique*, Paris, 12 mo., 1690, we have a note that "de Lussan, a Parisian of good birth and education, took to filibustering to retrieve his fortunes. He was one of the religious pirates, and he never allowed a Spanish town to be plundered until his crew had attended Mass in the Cathedral." To think that this was only *one* of the religious pirates! Why are we not told of the spiritual freaks of the ninety and nine others? Certainly Mr. Gosse must give us a second and fuller edition of this delightful and imagination-stirring catalogue. Nor will he lack excuse, for his three hundred copies will surely soon be exhausted, and then he will be able to produce another catalogue, with more notes, and descriptions of those additions to his collection of which he speaks in a postscript to his preface. For the reader must know that, too late for the purposes of this catalogue, Mr. Gosse discovered, in a bookshop near Holborn, a horde of more than thirty rare pirate books, including a copy, possibly unique, of the first edition of Captain Johnson's *History of the Pirates*, of 1724. Mr. Gosse deserves this piece of luck,

but I trust that he will be grateful enough to the gods to remember that the many persons whom he is training up in the lore of piracy will want him to share with them the details of his find.

ITEMS FROM THE BOOKSHOPS AND CATALOGUES

I HAVE several times, in these notes, commented upon early foreign editions of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. Several of these are to be found in Messrs. Bernard Quaritch's catalogue number 399, which recently reached me. There are, for instance, editions in English printed at Berlin in 1776 and at Halle in 1787. Then there are two editions in German, published at Hamburg and Altona in 1781, and at Berlin in 1776. Finally there is a translation into (I presume) Swedish, published at Stockholm in 1795. These books are all offered at prices ranging from one guinea to two. It would be an interesting thing to collect foreign editions of *The Vicar of Wakefield* and to watch the way in which the great story found its way from one corner to another of the civilized world. Nor, I should imagine, would the collection be a particularly costly one to acquire. One of the joys of book-collecting is that one is always discovering new possible lines of study.

IN Mr. James Tregaskis's nine hundred and twenty-first list, published from 66, Great Russell Street, W.C.1, I notice a copy of Famianus Strada's *Prousiones Academicæ*, published at Rome in 1617. The copy is in a binding bearing the arms of Cardinal Ursino and costs £25. According to Mr. Tregaskis's note this is "the earliest book in the literature of the electric telegraph." The reference occurs in (of all things) an imitation of Lucretius on the subject of magnetism. After speaking of the influence of one magnetised needle on another Strada continues (I quote a "compressed paraphrase") :

So that if one [needle] be moved in Rome, the other, although far distant, is constrained by the secret forces of nature to respond. Therefore it follows, if you want to communicate with a distant friend, to whom it is impossible to send a letter ; take a large disc, and mark round the edge the letters of the alphabet ; in the middle place a magnetised needle, in such a way that it is possible to turn it to any letter required. Then make another like it, also furnished with an iron pointer which has been magnetised, and let your friend take it away with him, having first arranged the time for the experiment. Having done this, all you have to do in order to communicate with your friend in secrecy, though he be many miles away, is to point the needle to the letters which make up the words of your message ; and in a miraculous way your friend's pointer will of itself revolve and point to the identical letters.

The note proceeds to suggest that Strada may have got the idea from a scientific friend and used it without troubling to find out whether it worked in practice or not.

ONE of those rare catalogues which one keeps as books of reference has reached me from Messrs. John Smith & Son, Ltd., of 57-61, Vincent Street, Glasgow. This is entitled *Bibliotheca Scotica*, and contains more than 4,400 books relating to Scotland. Not only is the number of books described exceptionally large, but they are so arranged as to make the list easy of use. Under the heading of *Scottish Poetry, Songs and Ballads*, there are, alone, nearly five hundred entries. This most creditable catalogue is illustrated with sixteen portraits of Scottish authors.

I. A. WILLIAMS

BOOK-PRODUCTION NOTES

THE FELL TYPES AND ORNAMENTS AT OXFORD *

THE Delegates of the Clarendon Press did well in celebrating the third centenary of John Fell's birth by the issue of this handsome volume containing specimen pages of books printed from his types. We are told in the Preface to the volume that

It is designed, firstly, to do honour to John Fell, who is remembered as one of the founders of the Oxford Press ; and, secondly, to furnish students of printing with convenient examples of the famous types which bear his name. . . .

The authorities of the Press invite the criticism of typographical experts upon these specimens. They rely upon such criticisms for guidance in their future use of this part of their heritage.

First about the Fell types themselves. Few would deny their charm ; but it is not so easy to say in what that charm lies. Part of it comes from what one might call paradoxically the novelty of their old fashion, with its reminiscence of the Restoration and of the English Augustan age ; part of it from its irregularity in shape and alignment, which contrasts so pleasantly with the machine-like and machine-made precision and uniformity of later founts. Even more of its pleasantness comes from its weight, which gives the pages, especially when closely set (as they always should be), a blackness and legibility sadly wanting from the drab greyness of too much modern printing. Then in some of its features there are survivals of the better days of the Roman alphabet, as in the ample width of the letters and (some may think) in the stumpiness of the upper-case letters, which in some of the founts fall a little short of the ascenders, b, d, f, k, l. On the other hand, many of the letters are not well-shaped—k, t, F, for example ; all the bottom serifs and many of the upper also are too flat and thin, being little better than the hair-lines which we associate with Bodoni's later types. There is also an uncouthness about the fount as a whole equally remote from the refinement of (say) Garamond's letter of the previous century and the correctitude of Caslon's and Baskerville's in the century following. But that very defect, if it is a defect, is one of the things which give so much interest to the letter.

The types are seen at their noblest and best in the bigger book founts, such as the great primer used for the text of the fine Clarendon's *Rebellion*, begun in 1702, and, amongst the modern examples, in the quarto *Common Prayer Book* of 1912. It is less pleasing in the smaller sizes, as in the Bibliography of the Daniel Press, set in long primer, thin leaded, with lines measuring 23 ems long. If any one of my readers ever hesitates in his choice between a smaller size of type leaded and a larger size solid, let him compare the Shakespeare's *Sonnets* of 1907, set in small pica, thin leaded, with Traherne's *Poems of Felicity*, 1910, set in pica solid. The saving in space gained by using the smaller type is very little, and in the case of the *Sonnets* cannot have been worth consideration ; but the *Sonnets* pages have a weak diluted look, and to me at least are a little difficult to read compared with the full-bodied pages of the Traherne,

*SPECIMENS/OF/BOOKS PRINTED AT OXFORD/WITH THE TYPES/
GIVEN TO THE UNIVERSITY/BY/JOHN FELL/Who was born 23 June 1625
Died 10 July 1686/Dean of Christ Church 1660-1686 Bishop of Oxford 1676-1686/
Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford 1666-1669/Delegate of the University Press
1662-1686/[Device] Oxford/At the Clarendon Press/In the Centenary Year/1925/[Folio.
Three Guineas net.]

which are quite readable. I hope, therefore, that "in their future use of this part of their heritage" the authorities of the Press will make it a rule to give us a bigger type solid rather than a smaller type leaded. I hope too that they will set their type closer. For an instance, the great primer roman shows much better in the close-set lines of Queen Anne's Licence for Clarendon's *History* than in the loosely and widely spaced Address to the Oecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople, printed in 1922. The

TITLE-PAGES.

THE title-pages shown amongst the specimens illustrate many useful points. One of the best is that of the folio Lycophron, printed in 1697, with the Greek title above and the Latin title below, both of them admirably displayed, and balanced, and, lower still, an engraved view of the Sheldonian. The modern compositor, however, would do well to avoid so many short lines and gather up all that he has to say into three or four groups.

Amongst the specimens is the title-page of the quarto *Common Prayer Book* of 1912. It is of greater interest as embodying the several sizes of roman and italic at the service of the Press than as a successful title-page. It is in red and black; and the words *COMMON PRAYER*, which ought to dominate the page, are weak and puny, because, first, the type in which they are printed is too small: next, because they are set in italics instead of in roman; and, thirdly, because they are printed in red instead of in black. It is an inveterate superstition of printers to think that they can give prominence and strength to the principal words of a title-page by printing them in red ink. The effect is just the opposite—to reduce the strength of the lines so printed. Some ten different types have gone to the setting of this title-page. Two or three would have been plenty: and the wording might have been arranged in a few groups instead of being set broadcast over the page.

The title-page of this volume of specimens is itself a judicious and clever bit of display; but its lines spread rather more over the page than is necessary or good. I have indicated its divisions in the footnote on the first page of these notes. A title-page is not usually the best place to introduce a condensed biography of the subject of the book, and the successive dates in John Fell's career would have come better on another leaf.

BORDERS AND ORNAMENTS.

THE page is enclosed in Arabesque border, made up of the well-known flower shown as No. 19 in the article which Mr. Meynell and Mr. Morison contributed to the first volume of *The Fleuron*. It is edged with the smaller size of No. 2 in the same article. Others of the Fell ornaments are used elsewhere in the volume as head-pieces or otherwise. In a book designed, as this is, to show Fell's types, it is fitting that his ornaments should be shown too; but I would deprecate their use in modern books generally. I would say the same of the initial letters.

PRINTING PAPERS

THE *Specimens* are printed on a pure rag "laid" paper, machine-made at the Wolvercote mills, near Oxford, which belong to the University Press. The paper, bleached as white and as cold as driven snow, is of loose texture, and is soft-sized. Such a page takes printing ink readily and prints clearly, but it is likely to prove wanting in the lasting qualities which an Oxford book deserves. To print books on paper as strong and crisp and pleasant in tone and texture as that used in Fell's day would be a greater service to readers and students than the revival of his ornaments and types.

B. H. NEWDIGATE

CHRONICLES

THE DRAMA

THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR. By GOGOL. Barnes Theatre.

DR. KNOCK. By JULES ROMAINS. Royalty Theatre.

THE faithful who have been making pilgrimages during the past winter to the Barnes Theatre for a monthly immersion in gloom found at their last attempt that a novelty was in store for them, pleasant or unpleasant according to their temperaments, namely, a Russian play which was uproariously funny. I myself tried to lure several people to go with me, so as not to waste the ticket which a generous management provides for dramatic critics, but all of them, though they would willingly have witnessed grimness and horror in the winter, discovered that the spring had softened their nerves. It is probable that these good folk will now be sorry, for not only did they miss a joyous farce, but also a dramatic production which revolved, so to speak, on a merry-go-round—and certainly there is a special harmony between the spring and a merry-go-round. Mr. Komisarjevsky's merry-go-round was a stage device which declined to be limited by any laws of realism or logic. When it felt like it it spun, and when it stopped it had indicated either a change of scene or a pause in the action, or it merely knocked a fat man against a thin one and appropriated to itself one of the principal comic rôles of the piece.

The story of *The Government Inspector* is neither very original nor extremely robust in its comic possibilities. The Governor of a provincial Russian town hears that a government inspector is coming to visit his domain incognito; this news throws him and all of his fellow-officials, who have been pleasantly flourishing on bribery and corruption, into a panic. At the local inn they mistake a young fellow who has prudently fled from St. Petersburg and who is staying at the inn without paying his bills, for the august official, and all hands, oppressors and oppressed, join in to pay him tribute with money, food, drink, lodging and feminine company. Drunk with their sycophancy as well as their wine, he allows himself to become expansive, until, like the frog, he almost blows himself up to be an ox. However, he is wise enough to remove himself from a dangerous situation before he bursts, which, metaphorically speaking, he would have done had he stayed a few moments longer, when the postmaster, according to his habit, opens the impostor's tell-tale letter to a friend in the capital.

Mr. Komisarjevsky proved himself almost as acceptable a producer of farce as of more sombre spectacles. It seemed to me that he made certain mistakes, notably in allowing the tempo of the piece to be slowed up by certain formal comic devices which, although amusing in themselves, were not worth the resulting impediment to the major action. The set, which was a sort of Chauve-Souris conglomeration of vivid colours, was damaged by the surprising introduction of two or three bands of a banal blue. Mr. Claude Rains, when he got under way, showed himself to be an excellent comic actor. His boasting during the third act, where he deludes his audience and almost himself into the belief that he, the

little copy clerk, is not only the greatest minister in all Russia, but her most illustrious poet and musician as well, is a thoroughly fine bit of climax building. Mr. Alfred Clark was at times very good as the Governor, but missed a great opportunity by not stressing more broadly his pompous tyranny toward his underlings and his obsequious flattery to his supposed superior. Other parts specially well acted were those of the Director of Schools, by Mr. Dan. F. Roe, the Governor's wife, by Miss Hilda Sims, and the hero's servant, by Mr. Charles Loughton.

A most lugubrious air pervaded the performance which I saw of that very pleasing French farce, *Dr. Knock*, since it was on the opening night of the General Strike; there were not more than two people present in the stalls to encourage each other with their mirth. It may be that the actors were also affected by the overhanging gloom, since the vitality and sparkle which one is accustomed to associate with this type of comedy was very largely lacking.

Dr. Knock is a self-made physician, who obtains his diploma after some years of experimental practice on ships' passengers and decides to settle down in a French village. His predecessor, Dr. Parpalaid, has presumably taken him in on the transaction, because the practice hitherto has been worth very little. However, Dr. Knock brings all the resources of modern science, which consist chiefly of the proper professional manner and the knack of advertising, to his new situation, with the result that he increases the practice some thousands per cent.; nearly every citizen of St. Maurice is gratified to find that he is suffering from ailments which Dr. Parpalaid in his day had never appreciated but which Dr. Knock rates at their true value as of exceeding consequence, not only to the sufferer, but to the race in general. At the end, Dr. Parpalaid, come to collect the quarter's rent due on the sale of the practice, is so astonished that he offers to let the purchaser off if he will give him his practice back again. Dr. Knock not only refuses, but, after a long harangue on the science of medicine, convinces the other medical man that he also is sick, and the curtain comes down on the latter swallowing some of his successor's pills.

The acting of the play was, on the whole, good, although most of the actors forced their notes too hard, with the result that the comedy became strained. Nor was there the same sense of rapidity which one is accustomed to expect from a French comedy, all of whose performers were properly enjoying themselves. Mr. Dennis Eadie, who played the title rôle, was delightfully convincing until the end, when he seemed to miss the point of his final harangue entirely. For, as I see it, M. Romains intended as the cream of his jest that the physician should be hypnotised by his own patter and believe in the supreme value of his mission; Mr. Eadie gave one the impression that the man was, and remained, a charlatan.

MILTON WALDMAN

THE FINE ARTS

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, 1926. Burlington House
OIL PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS by Mark Gertler,
John Nash and Gilbert Spencer. The Goupil Gallery

MEMORIAL EXHIBITION OF WORKS by Derwent
Wood, R.A. The Leicester Galleries

THE ideal which the Royal Academy should set before itself was finely indicated by Prince Henry in his speech at the Royal Academy dinner : that it should provide a full opportunity for the study of outstanding modern pictures and sculpture ; that, undeterred by adverse criticism and fluctuating opinion, it should steadily pursue its course, making available to the public each year the biggest and most representative collection of all that is most likely to endure in contemporary art, and that it should stand solidly for all that is sane and healthy in artistic endeavour. Unfortunately for many years the Royal Academy has failed conspicuously to live up to this ideal, and the present exhibition is no exception. For more than half a century all that is " most likely to endure in contemporary art " has been produced outside the Academy. One recalls how before the war the Academy used to supply the Tate Gallery with most of its pictures, and one recalls the Tate Gallery before its reconstruction : how it was the laughing-stock of Europe. And then one thinks of the English artists (excluding the moderns) whose work has in fact shown some enduring value in the last half-century : of Whistler, Conder, Sargent, Steer, John, Nicholson, MacEvoy, Sickert, Muirhead Bone, Rutherston. It is they who have maintained the real sanity of English art, and few of them have had assistance from the Academy. And then one thinks of the " younger " painters who, in spite of the malignant misrepresentation of the Academicians, have been pursuing a perfectly sober and traditionally constructive course : Stanley Spencer, John Nash, Henry Lamb, Mark Gertler, Duncan Grant and several others. All of them have developed outside the Academy, and most of them would probably be boycotted by it were they to submit paintings.

A few years ago there were faint signs of a vitalising movement within the Academy ; but the last two years have shown a progressive reaction towards the old stagnation. The new President had a magnificent chance of supporting and encouraging the constructive elements in the modern movement and thereby of finally dismissing the purely disruptive element which had long since lost most of its force and all of its virtue. Instead, with an almost wilful blindness he concentrated attention on the moribund revolutionary element, treating it as the whole of the modern movement outside the Academy, and both in speech and act he has closed the door to the greater part of contemporary pictorial invention.

It is a great pity, for the annual exhibition could be made at least an interesting and enlivening spectacle, bearing witness to the fact that if there is no big creative genius at the moment, there is a considerable and possibly an unusual amount of real inventive and imaginative talent. It is quite easy nowadays to overlook the unruly and unhealthy art, which is a negligible quantity, but it is impossible to

overlook the mediocrity and dulness of the Academy paintings. Everywhere there is such an absence of any conscientiousness and thoroughness ; the easiest course is always adopted, and that means crude sentiment and slipshod expression. Even landscape painters of a certain merit such as Mr. Arnesby Brown, Sir D. Y. Cameron and Mr. Adrian Stokes simply repeat their old successes, now completely stereotyped, without making any further research. Mr. Adrian Stokes trades on the fact that a certain contrast between pale blue mountains and light brown trees has a sentimental catch in it. Mr. Arnesby Brown plays similarly on the theme of veiled blue sky trailing between shower-clouds its light over green fields, and Sir D. Y. Cameron serves up a peculiar confection of clear colours in mountain shapes which gets at one in a way that one knows is not quite right. And these are among the better exhibitors.

But what of Mr. Walter Sickert ? His picture has been discreetly hidden away in a corner and may as well be left there. Mr. Sickert has thought fit to associate himself with the Academy and he should treat it with respect.

There are two elements of novelty in the exhibition. They are provided by Mr. Connard and Mr. Charles Sims, and they consist in a revival of late renaissance and eighteenth-century art. For some time this tendency among connoisseurs has been noticeable. It is only necessary to refer to the Magnasco Society and the growing importance attached to the work of Tiepolo. This art was highly decorative with its asymmetrical linear rhythms and groupings, and naturally returns to favour with the reaction against realism, which seems to be penetrating the Academy in this appropriate way. Mr. Connard is more successful than Mr. Sims. He at least produces a plausible freehand pastiche of the old style. Mr. Sims flavours in his high-lit studies a sweetened impressionism with a spice of rococo. It is a kind of soda-fountain mixture with an overdose of sweet syrup. Mr. Sims's portrait of Lord Blanesburgh, which also has an eighteenth-century reminiscence in the arrangement of the robes and background drapery, is more convincing and, in fact, is one of the few portraits in the exhibition which possess artistic merit.

There is a third novelty : but it lies in the wallpaper. The Central room of Burlington House has been handsomely redecorated with gold paper, and here only a single line of pictures has been hung. This method, which is very effective in the National Gallery, does not suit the Academy pictures. They neither sink into the large spaces of the background nor dominate these spaces with their individuality. They are happier in a crowd.

The sculpture is inoffensive, but uninteresting.

The exhibition at the Goupil Gallery of paintings and drawings by John Nash, Gilbert Spencer and Mark Gertler may be cited as an admirable instance of serious and sane constructive work by artists who belong to what is termed " the modern school." It does not, in my opinion, contain quite the best that these artists can do ; yet almost any of the oil-paintings would appear highly distinguished in the Academy.*

Mr. John Nash seems to have been imposing on himself a severe discipline in his watercolours and some of his oils, limiting himself practically to a grey-green monochrome. Perhaps later works will justify this discipline, which at present

* The Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries of Paintings by Duncan Grant, Frederick Porter, Vanessa Bell, and others, which opened after these notes were written, is another, and perhaps a more complete instance of good modern work. Duncan Grant shows some magnificent paintings of the English countryside.

appears a trifle pedantic and doctrinaire. Mr. Nash has a natural delight in variegated colouring which is well exhibited in the landscapes, "The Edge of the Plain" and "Winter Landscape, Kimble," and he needs rather to increase and deepen his impressions than to limit and refine upon them. Mr. Gertler, too, who has a very different temperament, would gain by a broadening of his sympathies. Mr. Gertler is a master of "still life," and he returns to studies of flowers and fruit again and again, and with few failures. This, however, is only because he does not rest content with this single subject, and so he comes back with a fresh mind. Landscapes, portraits, figure studies and a boxing match form the other subjects of the present pictures and drawings. The drawings of the nude show uncertainty as to the treatment of the faces, which are, in fact, too realistic simply because the artist had no genuine interest in them. It is perhaps a consciousness of this fragmentary interest which led Mr. Gertler, in some of his nude studies in oils, to follow Mr. Sickert's sketchy method, and he does so with a good deal of success. This, however, is rather a blind alley. Mr. Gertler's more fruitful impulse is rather to be found in the full realisation of some of his still lifes, such as No. 34, and of that magnificent nude, No. 43, "Young Girlhood," and the portrait of Mr. Mavrogordato shows that, when he wishes, he can indicate character very cleverly.

Mr. Gilbert Spencer's landscapes and rustic scenes combine matter of fact, though broad, detail with fresh colouring. Their undoubted charm is largely in the heightened and contrasted colouring, which, however, frequently tends to over-sweetness.

At the memorial exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, Derwent Wood appeared as a painter in oils and watercolours, a caricaturist and a sculptor. The organisers of the exhibition had better have concentrated on the sculpture and omitted all else. Derwent Wood's watercolours are completely derivative, although they are clever enough in point of execution. One watches the artist starting with Girtin and approaching modern methods, possibly under the influence of Innes. Derwent Wood's caricatures may be good fun for those who know the persons concerned, but they do not carry much significance in themselves. His line in these caricatures is insensitive and heavy, and does not evince much individuality. There remains the sculpture and with this the process of elimination continues. The big statuary is not conceived in a big way; it is rather an enlargement of something conceived as a small objet d'art. The future reputation of the sculptor will be based upon his statuettes and occasionally upon his portrait heads. In respect of these also there may be a doubt: in fact it may be decided that Derwent Wood was a fine scholar, but not an original artist. His scholarship was not classical as was that of Thomas, a fellow sculptor with somewhat similar tendencies. He was a student of the Renaissance and latterly he seems to have become interested in French eighteenth-century sculpture. He could import into a small feminine nude that combination of realistic grace, prettiness and slight irregularity of form which one associates with the art of the eighteenth century, and equally he could maintain the intellectual frigidity and absence of sensuousness which is also so marked a characteristic of the period. And his small statuettes for a memorial to Sir Joshua Reynolds are very definitely period work: lively, gesticulatory, and yet formally rhythmical. Is there any more to them than this delicate scholarship, possessing the same attraction as a sonnet or lyric which though derivative both in substance and form, yet charms by the very perfection of its imitation? I think not.

HOWARD HANNAY

MUSIC

J. S. BACH. CANTATA TEXTS. By CHARLES SANFORD TERRY. Constable.
3 *gns.*

TUDOR CHURCH MUSIC, VOL. V. ROBERT WHITE. Printed for the
Carnegie United Kingdom Trust. Oxford University Press. Humphrey
Milford. 30s.

THE MUSICAL PILGRIM. BEETHOVEN'S OP. 18. By W. H. HADOW.
Oxford University Press. Humphrey Milford. 1s. 6d.

STUDIES AND CAPRICES. By ALEXANDER BRENT SMITH. Methuen.

DR. SANFORD TERRY'S book takes us through all the known cantatas of Bach—rather over 200 in all. These are partitioned out over the Christian year, with alternatives for each Sunday and feast-day, besides those which are occasional or secular. In every case the liturgy is fully explained, any relevant facts are given, and the locality of the MS. is established. The order of the service is gone into, with enough musical examples to make clear what kind of phraseology was behind the *Canti fermi* of the B minor Mass or the Dresden Amen. And most of the cantatas are furnished with a complete translation, which makes clear at a glance the liturgical connexion. Dr. Terry's work on the Chorals (1915, 17, 21) and the original hymn tunes (1922) is well known. This book, nearly as large as all of them together, in no way supersedes them; it gives a different set of facts.

One must confess to thinking the translation mistaken in principle. It proceeds practically on the assumption that a syllable of the English must exactly correspond to a syllable of the German, and this even if it produces an awkward or inconvenient or unliterary result. Also his translation is usually faithful, though he does not lay that down as a principle. One would submit that it is fatal to any version that it should be awkward to sing or unliterary, and that the translation should be literal is a very minor matter. For no singer can convince himself, nor therefore others, with any words which do not flow easily and make good sense; and which it is, of various things, that he is called upon to sing about does not matter to him nearly so much as the way it is put, whichever it is. What the Englishman wants is a meaning easy to understand, with the important words in the important places of the music (not necessarily of the poetical line), plenty of syllables so long as they do not degenerate into patter, plenty of firm consonants (so long as they do not tread too much on each other's heels) so as to punctuate his rather unsteady vowels, a faster pace and more words to the inch than the German, and no repeated sentences if possible. He also likes rhyme, but can do without it, except where the musical cadence leads him to expect one—it is essential, for instance, in a choral and immaterial in a recitative—and the translator must know when to resist the temptation to rhyme, which is greater than might be supposed.

These things are made clearer by an instance, and we will look at the Choral at the end of Cantata 93 (Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten), which raises no difficult musical questions:

Sing', bet' und geh' auf Gottes Wegen,
Verricht' das Deine nur getreu,
Und trau' des Himmels reichem Segen,
So wird er bei dir werden neu;
Denn welcher seine Zuversicht
Auf Gott stellt, den verlässt er nicht.

There is nothing to remark upon except the weak adjectives in strong places, "getreu" and "neu," and the two inversions, "werden neu," bad, and "welcher . . . den" good. The translation given is as follows:

Sing, pray and follow God unswerving,
And to His will be steadfast, true!
So shalt thou, Heaven's reward deserving,
Thy covenant with God renew.
Whoso on Him his faith has set
Shall ne'er forgotten be nor let.

Here there is an inversion in every line except the first, and inversions make a singer feel foolish. The first three lines end with weak words, but the last two with strong. "Steadfast, true" might be spoken intelligibly, but they will sing like "royal blue." "Unswerving" makes the next line tautologous. "Let" will be difficult for some of the congregation; there will be some who will think it a misprint and want to sing "left." A simpler version would get over some of these difficulties, and incidentally incorporate Ps. 46, 1 and Lam. 3, 22:

The pilgrim treads the path assigned him,
With voice of prayer and song of praise;
Who trusts in God shall ever find Him
A present help in troubled days;
For His compassions never fail,
His throne shall stand, His truth prevail.

Matthew Arnold once dissected the translators of Homer, and then essayed to show how they should have set to work. People have thought that he was more successful with the former than with the latter. It may be the same here: it is easier to destroy than to construct. But it seemed only fair for one who picks holes in others to offer his own back for castigation.

The liturgical detail given here has as little bearing on the music of Bach (as we now hear and understand it) as their antiquarian interest is great. That interest is similar to the interest we may take in the well documented discussion of Notker's sequences which is undertaken in a chapter of Mr. J. M. Clark's *The Abbey of St. Gall* (Cambridge University Press) just published. This is a model of accurate research presented in a most attractive form. But the ninth century, where the interest centres, is very far away and Ekkehard and Notker are shadowy figures; more distinct is the figure of the Boy Bishop, with the sacred drama and the miracle play taking their rise in the trope; and it is something to have the exact plan of the monastery.

With this in mind one turns with relief to the music of seven centuries later, which we find in the fifth volume of the *Tudor Church Music*. Robert White lived between the times of Taverner and Byrd, and died before Gibbons was

born. His is the music of the catholic tradition, safe within its abbey walls, untouched by the spirit of adventure that was then abroad, unshocked as yet by the Inquisition, unshaken as yet by Henry VIII's deeds or Cranmer's words. It has a long and safe technique behind it, an assured method ; it makes no experiments, though it is in no sense mechanical. The grip in which the technique is held is well seen in *Domine, quis habitabit*—in the broad movement of the first section, in the coda (non movebitur in æternum) of the second, and in the bold but compact lay-out of the third. And with these may be contrasted *Lord, who shall dwell*, the, presumably later, English version, where the phrases have become monotonous and stereotyped. Two details : (1) in this volume and the Gibbons (not, I think, in the others) the editors have allowed the *alla breve* bar to consist of five semibreves, and of course, as the bar lines are there only to suit the eye's convenience, the bar may consist of any number ; and (2) their treatment of C sharp on p. 88, and of C natural and C sharp on p. 97, seems to be an extension *sub silentio* of their theory in Vol. I, p. lx.

Before opening Sir Henry Hadow's little book it will be advisable to take your copy of Op. 18 and in each movement number every tenth bar (1, 2, etc., for 10, 20, etc.), and to count accurately, as the error is cumulative. It is to be hoped that publishers who bring out editions of the classics, or print scores and parts, will one day do this for us. Uniform numbers in heavy type would be neater and more useful than letters, especially than double letters. For this *Musical Pilgrim* refers to bars by number, and its main point is to give us a *conspectus* of the movement as a whole. It displays the form of each, reasoning out doubtful points, and linking the sections together by apt word or happy phrase or quick metaphor. The musical illustrations might have been more careful ; p. 29 lacks staccato dots ; on p. 27 the final note should be D ; on p. 44 the Cs of the last bar are misleading—they look like counterpoint in the 9th.

Mr. Brent Smith's little book of reprints is not entirely immune from the criticism commonly levelled at reprints, that the reprinter does not criticise his own work enough. His language drops naturally into a conversational tone, it touches things with a light hand and a gentle reserve. The valuable part of such a treatment is the number of truths that can be alluded to without being exactly inculcated ; the least valuable are the metaphors and puns, which can only be said once. Still, he is like an old *raconteur* ; we have heard his story before, but we don't mind hearing it again because we like to watch his lips purse up and his eye twinkle as he tells it. His book consists of eight studies of composers and ten "caprices" on original themes. An instance of a casual truth, to take the first, is on p. 14. "All systems are scaffold poles a composer puts up to help his building. . . . It is no concern of the beholder (though it is of the student) to know where the scaffold poles actually stood. . . . It is the final result which is important. . . . The thoughts which gave a work birth perish in the act, as the seed perishes in giving life to the flower." A whole essay might be devoted to that, which should dispose of the eternal question of "music and words"—"programme" and the like, with the simple argument that the composer's (poet's, architect's, etc.) work is his own, and not somebody else's—to put it bluntly, that that somebody else, or the best part of him, must "perish in the act."

A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS

ARCHITECTURE

ACADEMY AND OTHER ARCHITECTURE

THERE is no exceptional drawing of a new building among those shown at the Academy this year. The exhibition may be taken, however, to show the kind of architecture that now prevails. To use the terms current in architects' offices, it will be seen that monumental buildings other than churches are still made to rely on "the Orders" for decoration, and that domestic architecture tends to be designed on lines that adhere to the traditional forms which were in vogue in the early years of the nineteenth century—particularly is this the case with the smaller houses. On the whole the impression that architecture is better understood now than it was, say, in 1914, is confirmed.

Among the drawings now hanging on the walls is one of the shore-arch and its abutment of the proposed bridge at Lambeth. All the world knows that this is designed by Sir Reginald Blomfield. The bridge is without doubt the most important work that is shown in its relation to London and Londoners. But it cannot be regarded as satisfactory. I can only assume that the conditions which the London County Council laid down as unchangeable made it impossible for this or any other architect to produce a good bridge. I am sure Sir Reginald was not given a free hand. Reference made to another work by him later in this article shows that the writer is grateful to him for his part in maintaining an orderly seemliness in another quarter of London. Lambeth Bridge is to be an iron one. The architect was asked to make it look well by facing it with stone or granite. He was asked to use a material that is essentially one suited for construction, but which as a decorative medium only, is difficult and treacherous. The veriest amateur of architecture knows that an opening spanned by steel takes a different form from one arched in stone. The rise of an arch may be much less (or altogether omitted) with iron than with stone and the span from pier to pier may be considerably increased. These facts make steel bridges much cheaper than stone. For these reasons no doubt steel was chosen for Lambeth Bridge. If a steel bridge is faced with stone one of two things must be apparent to all who see it; either the stone will be forced into a form that is not natural to its nature, or the steel will be used wastefully. It is impossible to combine the materials, retain efficiency and at the same time satisfy the æsthetic sense. Neither the economist nor the artist will admire the result. It is disastrous for us that the London County Council did not in this case have the courage of its opinions and order that the bridge should be of stone, of ferro-concrete, or of steel; of one material alone, but in no case of all three or of any two. Neither the constructor, be he architect or engineer, nor the layman, whether he is a banker or a poet, will applaud the weak-minded compromise that is proposed. On this point it is necessary to be very clear. No one would object to stone, marble or any other material being used as a veneer; but if used so, these materials should not suggest a constructive form, for thus they are unpleasantly deceptive and unreal. The design is the more absurd because, in order to make the granite facing adhere comfortably to the steel core, an intervening filling of ferro-concrete is to be used. To Sir Reginald such work must be uncongenial. One wonders that Londoners will sit by and allow their representative body to order one unworthy bridge while they condemn

another that has helped and still helps to give London beauty. Is it too late to ask this Council to instruct Sir Reginald Blomfield to work with their chosen engineer on the design of a bridge to be built wholly in the material which economy dictates? The drawing of the new bridge which hangs at the Academy is made to disguise its unpleasing quality since, owing to the simple device of showing the abutment and one half of a single arch, only an architect can at once perceive the inherent weakness of the design.

It would have been better for the reputation of the decorator of this bridge, for architect in such circumstances he cannot be called, had he refused the commission until the conditions were changed. It is derogatory to the profession of architecture that those who practise it are called in not to construct but to apply a make-believe front to the work of an engineer. Both professions are constructive; both should work together from foundation to finish, each tempering the other's with his special knowledge. But Sir Reginald Blomfield's reputation is high and for this reason it may suffer little from conforming to the wishes of the L.C.C. in this case. And in condemning him for thus yielding we must not forget that if we succeed in retaining the City churches it will be as much due to him as to any other person or society. Again, if Waterloo Bridge outlives the present threats it will largely be due to him. And finally, the part he has had in the design of the Quadrant is one which entitles him to our thanks, for there in very difficult circumstances he has given to one end of this famous street dignity, seemliness and order, if not beauty itself. I have little patience with the folk who would condemn this work by saying that the pilasters which rise from the pavement are like neatly piled bags of cement or bolsters taken from Victorian beds. It is true, and it may well be that the designer would be the first to admit it, that these pilasters would have been better had each projecting stone had a keen arris. It is easy to condemn a work by means of a simile, but even when the one chosen is pat to the point and perhaps also amusing, such sarcasm is foolish, if not mean. Finer buildings than those of the Quadrant have suffered from generation to generation from such witticisms. It is sufficient alone to refer to the story of Queen Anne's footstool to remember that the fine church of St. John in Smith Square is rarely adequately appreciated by the average Londoner. We are all grateful for the new Quadrant. Perhaps the most sincerely complimentary thing that can be written of it is that while the new façade is itself good it makes Mr. Norman Shaw's front of the Hotel look better than it could otherwise have done. This is high praise. Few architects have more successfully taken the lead from an existing building, omitting in the new work the faults that were found, but securing with the old a continued unity.

Of other architecture to be seen at the Academy, the most pleasing examples are afforded by the smaller houses. Among these the following should be noticed:

A small plastered house with a flat pitched slated roof by Messrs. Pearson & Burrell (1104) looks as though it would be a decent and comfortable home. The sketch showing it is the more pleasant because of the skilful use of colour. Very good in like manner, but with walls of well-chosen stock bricks is the group of three houses near Guildford (1127) by Mr. Graham Dawbarn. Again, the flats for ex-service men at Richmond (1135), by Mr. Evelyn Simmonds are excellent. They are a group of three blocks, the centre one is tall by comparison, with wide projecting eaves, while the two side buildings have "mansard" roofs with dormers in the lower slopes. The three are united by a low wall. Each block has a well-proportioned single central chimney stack, for many rooms are provided with

gas fires only. Number 1131 is a design for a large house at Willingdon, in Sussex, by Mr. John O. Clarke. The windows form a special feature of this house: these are formed with serried arches, supported where they join by baluster-columns. It is difficult to see how these windows open. They are glazed with large single sheets of glass. One is reminded by them that the praise of paned windows is perhaps too often heard, for these show that the beauty of a house need not be dependent on this form. A church at Hubli, Bombay, by Messrs. Lanchester Lucas and Lodge (No. 1203) is fresh and delightful, particularly inside. The square arrises of the arches and the well-capped supporting piers are perhaps the best features of the interior. The Wireless Station near Rugby (1193) by Mr. F. A. Llewellyn is a good design. The "scale" of the building is interesting and well maintained. This most important quality is gained in this case by the low front buildings and by the series of tall round-headed windows of the main block. No. 1142 is a small parapeted house by Mr. C. A. Farey. It is seemly and to be desired, though perhaps its charm is too much dependent on coloured external shutters. It is difficult to account for the presence of a number of the drawings hung on these walls, but I will leave the visitor free to find these for himself. There are big drawings of the new buildings for the Bank of England, of New Devonshire House, of Britannic House, of the new public buildings at Rangoon, of the proposed chief entrance to Selfridge's store, of Liverpool Cathedral and of other important works on a grand scale. Of the models, the house in Devon by Messrs. Oorphoot, Whiting & Bryce is certainly the best.

PUBLICATIONS

THE CATHEDRALS AND CHURCHES OF ITALY. By T. F. BUMPUS. T. Werner Laurie. 31s. 6d.

MR. Bumpus, in a book of three hundred and eighty-four pages, has described the best known churches and cathedrals of Italy with knowledge and enthusiasm. As long as he does no more than describe he is on safe ground; but when he acts as architectural critic, basing his criticism on the standards of the nineteenth century and not on those of the time of the buildings themselves, he ascribes false values to the architecture. This error will be better understood from comment on the following sentence taken from the book:—

With such failures before their eyes as the Cathedral of Florence it is no wonder that the Italians should have quickly abandoned a style that was not indigenous for one of their own.

Mr. Bumpus has a "down" on "Italian Gothic." He criticises this manner as though the "style" of a building was a matter of choice then, as it is to-day, among the less thinking architects. The fact is that style was no more a matter of choice when the Duomo of Florence or the Doges Palace at Venice was built or altered than it is to-day, when we build ships or throw bridges across wide rivers. It is a pity that the author did not realise that style comes about through tradition, through methods of building then current and through the collective and literary outlook of the day, for then the book would have been a more valuable contribution to architectural literature. As it stands, however, it is well worth having, particularly perhaps to those who are about to visit Italy.

A. R. POWYS

FICTION

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY. By JOHN ERSKINE. Nash and Grayson. 7s. 6d.

THE GREEN LACQUER PAVILION. By HELEN BEAUCLERK. Collins. 8s. 6d.

FAIRY GOLD. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

THE POOL. By ANTHONY BERTRAM. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

APPASSIONATA. By FANNIE HURST. Cape. 7s. 6d.

SCOTLAND'S HEIR. By WINIFRED DUKE. Chambers. 7s. 6d.

I HAVE to report that fantasy is still very much in notice. The first book on my list purports to describe the domesticity of Helen and Menelaus after the return from Troy, together with the wooing and marriage of Hermione. The second is a story of what happened to several English men and women of the eighteenth century when they walked into a green pavilion depicted on a lacquer screen in Sir John Taveridge's country house.

Professor John Erskine has performed a remarkable feat in producing a readable book which consists almost entirely of conversations and has but a few pages of narrative and description. Perhaps this was forced on him by the fact that otherwise he would have had to describe Helen, a task in which men of greater poetic gifts have failed. He wisely follows the example of Homer and lets us see her effect on others :

[Menelaus] had to take her to the ships for the night with the other prisoners, but he couldn't make up his mind in what order they should set out. Not side by side, of course, He in front, perhaps. That idea he gave up before they reached the street. The emphasis on the procession seemed misplaced. He sent her on ahead to take unprotected whatever insults the curious army might care to hurl at her. But the men gazed in silence, or almost so. They didn't notice him. He heard one say she looked like Aphrodite, caught naked in the arms of Ares, when Hephaistoo, her ridiculous husband, threw a net over the lovers and called the other gods to see her shame. A second man said he felt like the other gods on that occasion, who expressed a willingness to change places any time with Ares, net and all.

It is neither so brief nor so magical as the passage in the Iliad in which Helen appears on the walls, but then Professor Erskine is not a great epic poet. He is a gentle ironist, concerned to write an entertaining book and to talk good sense on the way. And in this he succeeds. Menelaus, pompous, sneakily jealous of his dignity, and Hermione, a stiff young doctrinaire without charm, are both overcome by Helen's calmness and by her certainty of her own attitude, and yet both contrive to make some claim on the reader's liking. At the same time, one cannot help thinking that Professor Erskine might have made his long dialogues more effective if he had compressed and remoulded them into the shape of a play. It is certainly rather to Mr. Shaw than to Landor that he looks. Mr. Shaw would certainly bend an affectionately paternal eye on Helen's philosophy, which is that "youth should begin by loving life. Prudence is a form of caution, its a control of your impulses—but you must have the impulses before you can control them. Or it's a kind of foresight—but how can you have foresight until you have accumulated some knowledge of the world? And how can you accumulate experience if you begin by avoiding it? When they're young they can have nothing better in them than the love of life." There are enough events in the

book, carefully damped down so as to be no more than topics of conversation, to furnish out a drama, which might have had an added vigour without any loss of charm. But perhaps it is ungrateful thus to criticise a work the charm of which is undeniable.

If Miss Helen Beauclerk has a philosophical intention in *The Green Lacquer Pavilion*, I am afraid it has escaped me. I imagine her purpose was that, when her characters walked out of the eighteenth-century drawing-room and their talk of the Duke of Marlborough and Queen Anne, into the world of the lacquer screen, she should escape with them into the world of the unfettered romancer where anything can happen. And here almost anything does. The story grows and blossoms at random, with a sort of graceful wildness, and makes one of those romances through which one can saunter at leisure, resting from the labour of reading severe attempts to interpret life. It should be remarked that Mr. Dulac's illustrations have caught and well render the spirit of the tale which, generally, is presented in a pleasing and uncommon form.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie has looked back to *Guy and Pauline* instead of turning again, as some of us might have wished, with more experience and riper wisdom to the themes and manner of *Sinister Street* or *Sylvia Scarlett*. This is to say that his new story has a good deal of the saccharine about it, which is a thing he can do with as much gusto and copiousness as it deserves and perhaps a little more. Even if the effort were more exactly proportioned to the result, this would still be a matter for regret. The man who wrote *Sinister Street* some fourteen years ago ought to be doing something better than glibly repeating its successor to-day. This book is not worthy of the novelist who, whatever faults he may have, has as much life as any of his generation. I do not mean to say that it has any positive faults: one could almost wish it had. The idyll of Dick and Vivien is very prettily done. Venetia is a charming and amusing little girl. The humours, both rustic and military, are satisfactorily provided: there are one or two caricatures quite in Mr. Mackenzie's second-best manner. Sir Morgan Romare is as convincing as need be, and the fairy islands of Roon and Carrackoon make a delightful stage setting. But there are many moments when the reader longs for what in earlier books seemed sordid, or morbid, or both. I am certain that Mr. Mackenzie has not abandoned the high ambitions with which he set out: he imagines very likely that he is only marking time until his moment comes. But what most strikes the dispassionate observer is that whereas, in his beginnings, the blemishes of his work had as much force and character as its merits, at the moment blemishes and merits seem to have deserted him in what we must believe to be nothing more than a temporary failure of vitality.

From Roon and Carrackoon to the Pool of London—but there is, I think, an element of unreal romance in Mr. Bertram's first novel. We have met before—have we not?—these girls of the people who not only mean to keep their souls independent but also have the power to say so, even to the boys round the coffee-stall. I have no doubt there are girls like Rosie Betts everywhere, but Rosie's exceptional gift of articulateness comes incongruously in a story where everything else is determinedly realistic. And I think that in real life this difference would have affected the course of events. Mr. Bertram has a remarkable power of suggesting character without apparent effort and his novel, as one might say, reads itself, because for the most part the reader simply feels himself in the middle of an occurrence which is being transacted without effort on his part. Nevertheless, now and again, and often at the most crucial points of the story, the reader cannot help feeling that the too articulate, not quite verisimilitudinous Rosie is like a faked figure in an otherwise genuine photograph. This problem of articulateness is the hardest attending any author who uses such a setting and no doubt Mr. Bertram is as well aware as any critic can be that he has failed to

solve it. If, on a second attempt, he succeeds, he might write a great book. If he feels the task too much for him and moves into another sphere, he still has talents which should prevent him from doing anything that is not excellent.

Miss Fannie Hurst tries to solve the problem of inarticulateness by what is called, I believe, the "stream of consciousness" method, which involves in this case writing a whole book in the second person—in this manner :

It was all right kissing Dudley's hair now. As all right as kissing Father's. Only Dudley's was young and sweet and full of the outdoors. Like snow. When you put your lips down lightly, to please Dudley, and closed your eyes, it might almost have been Father's. Except for the split ends.

Dear Dudley. His kisses were not light. Like yours. You would have liked them better light. He pressed you until your waistline ached for leaning back. His lips pressing so firmly against yours, until you could feel them flatten out into something that blazed. Sometimes, but only rarely, the blaze went through you in a stab. But usually the way to wriggle away from Dudley was to put your two hands up against his coat lapels, and brace yourself to lean away. You wished he wouldn't breathe that way . . . there was something about it—well, there was something about it that was frightening.

This, in almost any individual passage, is vivid and convincing, but after nearly three hundred pages of it you find yourself wishing that being convinced were not quite such strenuous work. The small sample of Miss Hurst's book given above will relieve any reader from surprise at her theme. The consciousness in stream is that of a young girl, Laurie, engaged to Dudley, but, for whatever reason, shrinking from marriage. The day comes closer and closer and her dread increases, but a motor-accident intervenes. Laurie recovers from the physical effects but suffers from "a form of hysterical paralysis they call trauma." She cannot walk, until Dudley renounces his claim on her, after which she decides to be a nun. Then there is another, more exciting young man and the paralysis recurs, but whether it is permanent or not, and what really happens in the end, I simply cannot make out—which is, in so far as I am competent to judge, a major defect in the "stream of consciousness" method. Miss Hurst does succeed in convincing where Mr. Bertram fails, but, literary artifice for literary artifice (and her method is no more), I cannot help preferring his to hers.

In this riot of modern fantasy and modern realism, Miss Winifred Duke seems strangely and agreeably old-fashioned. I will not attempt to analyse or criticise her version of history, but I know that she makes the Young Pretender and the men around him seem living, credible persons, and that her version of the events that led up to Culloden is coherent and plausible. She reminds one rather of the earlier works of Miss Marjorie Bowen, which, for the historical novelist, falls not too far short of the highest praise.

EDWARD SHANKS

BELLES-LETTRES

THE SACRED GIRAFFE. By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA. Hopkinson. 10s. 6d.
 THROUGH A CONSULTING ROOM WINDOW. By W. C. RIVERS.
 Methuen. 6s.

THINGS THAT HAVE INTERESTED ME; 3RD SERIES. By ARNOLD
 BENNETT. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

LIFE'S FEAST. By OLIVER WARNER. Methuen. 5s.

BOOK OF CROWNS AND COTTAGES. By R. P. T. COFFIN. Yale
 University Press. 11s. 6d.

FRENCH LIFE AND IDEALS. By ALBERT FEUILLERAT. Yale University
 Press. 11s. 6d.

RED WISE. By POWYS MATHERS. Golden Cockerel Press. 17s. 6d.

THERE must be a lot of money somewhere, that these books should have had what is, for the majority of them, the doubtful and unsuitable benediction of print. With the exception of two, to say that, had they never been published, any knowledge or much pleasure would have been lost, is only to debase the meaning of those words. A satire, however, has always to have so many qualities—dexterity, wit, insight and criticism—before it can succeed, that delight in a book like *The Sacred Giraffe* is particularly keen, and there is always something worth while to be found in watching, through whatever kind of window, a mind, practical and proved in one field, approaching *terra incognita*. But, with regard to the things that have (for the third time) interested Mr. Bennett, it is hard to see why our own excitement should be presumed when he observes that “in the matter of the everlasting sex-controversy, I foresee a troubled period” and that “feminine beauty is an agreeably common phenomenon, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries.” At least one reader was too uninterested to enquire if the statements were true. There is an article headed *The Decent Exposure of Girls*, that does not mean what you or I take it to mean, but, as the American papers would put it, *Should Shop-slaves be Show-Girls?* says Bennett. Why, then, has it that title?

Life's Feast, on the other hand, is so bad as to be funny. I “quite enjoyed it.” The feast consists of letters from a father to his son. Whether the son's permission to reprint was asked, it does not say; I should think not; for, I imagine, it would be embarrassing to have a father who thinks worthy of publication such chat as “Just imagine, Dick, sleeping in an open summer-house in March”! But that is nothing to do with us, and we can smile our way through these essays on *Just a Book*, *Pipes* (“the first pipe on my rack I call Little Black”), *Sawing Wood*, and *Going to the 'Varsity*, where the author “wouldn't be surprised if you find the most interesting people are the modern language scholars, and hockey people are generally a very decent crowd.” The smile will either end in a gulp or a guffaw as the eye, unwary enough to reach the end, is met with “You know I am rather fond of you, old fellow, though I haven't often said so.” Vulgarly can go no further. But parents should love this book, and any sons anxious to placate, should give it them; yet let no parent send it to their sons, for it will assuredly replace the time-honoured cushion as a missile, and I think Messrs. Methuen must have had this

in mind when they were binding ; for though suited to the contents, the format is entirely out of keeping with the price.

The *Book of Crowns and Cottages* is also largely concerned with " the 'Varsity " : this time, the other one. Professor Coffin writes with all the proprietary enthusiasm that his enviable race seem able to turn on for any country where they have sojourned a year or two. This gusto is at first rather pleasant and as the author employs a style a little like Mr. Belloc, I allowed my enthusiasm, also, to run riot over the colleges of Oxford " that are inns, too, by origin and by development, and they smell of man most fragrantly. They are a peculiarly glorious sort of inn, because they are also, in architecture and in history, inns that are cathedrals," and I cheered at there being " no reason why aristocracy, good clothes and good living are not best for right thinking." But my enthusiasm suffered check when I read of " the boys living in these college rooms, between much of football and strawberry jam." However, thinking that this might explain Mr. Beverly Nichols, I pursued, until it definitely forsook me on seeing that " as Cantabrigians must wear the mortar-board and not the gown " (a lie, of course, but no matter), " as Oxonians the gown and not the cap, so, too, bags are expected of all Oxonians." What, I asked, of the—" Cantabrigians " ? A mortar-board is a poor fig-leaf. But " it is a thing of brass and bronze, this custom." So I can only hope that the brass and bronze serves, in summer, to reflect and dazzle ; in any case, now I know why the flappers flock to Fulham, boat-race-time. My enthusiasm thus waned, I became positively irritated as the book continued, and the cheeks of villager after villager bore either June roses or October apples. After all, a face is a face, not a florist's, and did Professor Coffin never meet any goitre or consumption ? He should be in England now that Powys' here ! I suspected it was his glasses, not the cheeks, were rosy, and, searching truth, I turned to *French Life and Ideals*. But if we do not find it in a book on England written for Americans by an American, are we likely to find it in a book on France, written for Americans by a Frenchman ? Professor Feuillerat does not show any of the logic that, on page 24, is such a characteristic quality, and the moderation we hear so much of (page 61) is noticeable by its absence. It is admittedly difficult, in dealing with such things as the Temperament, Imagination, and Sentiment, of a nation not to seem to contradict, but it ought to have been possible to have so planned the book as to leave a general impression at the end ; otherwise, the book but makes confusion worse confounded. Each chapter here, however valuable in itself, nullifies some other. Out of many instances, I read that in women, what the Frenchman " desires first and foremost is a certain perfection, either moral or intellectual," and as (page 55) he " always feels the need of keeping to the real " and " cannot bear to let his mind wander in the fields of the unknowable," I must presume that he obtains his perfection. Such unusual bliss estranges, and there are so many qualities made exclusive—gaiety (p. 26), the power to judge well (p. 61), seriousness (38) and impulsiveness (25)—that the reader must despair of ever daring to appreciate so highly endowed a race. That is the fault of the book ; it does not make us feel we know more, but less, of the French. Professor Feuillerat ought to have used his national reflection to curb his racial impulse, and so written a more balanced book with fewer high lights and some co-ordination of traversing traits. I find also a childish dig at Shakespeare : " the portrait which Portia drew of the French suitor ; it is not flattering." Why should it be ? Who wants flattery ? And what does she say of the English ?—" . . . a dumb show. How oddly he is suited. I think he bought . . . his behaviour everywhere."

Dr. Rivers' book is varied and generally interesting. The essays, for they read as such, seem the work of a cultured, apprehensible brain, and he has the neat phrase most of us long to have, to balance our criticism of any much-loved author. On Henry James, for instance, he says "as for downright faults, it is only the preponderance of his merits in the other pan that heaves them up into a sort of prominence," and he has the word—perhaps the more kindly word—on Mr. Bennett: "he never has your money for nothing, and he sells not only more than one kind, but also more than one grade of article, so as to suit more than one taste. He is a living and convincing disproof of the doctrine that three potboilers will destroy any talent." The essay *On Physiogonomy* does not take full advantage of the subject, but *Smudged Country*, in a plain easy style, brings the picture of midland coal-districts where "one comes upon a flat district quite like the green disc of Holland, with rich soil and no minerals easy to get at; the field drains actually cut by Dutchmen in the eighteenth century, some of the roofs straight out of Tenier's pictures," and like most of the book has several knowledgeable touches—"many socialist members of Parliament have been brought up amidst terrible ugliness and are inured to it." Dr. Rivers can also be interesting on that old familiar subject, Shaw. But it is only fair to add, lest you be misled as I was till the very end, that he thinks *Dear Brutus* a "good play."

The author of *The Sacred Giraffe* has most attractively burlesqued our world by writing of it as it would appear to men as far off from us as we are from Tutankhamen. A black race, the Ebonites, has supplanted the Whites in dominion of the world and in 6922 the only relics of that dim race are an Eno's Fruit Salt Bottle and the cover of the Oxford Book of English Verse. Senor de Madariaga makes witty writing of the misguided and learned controversy waged over these emblems by the women-professors—for, as black has supplanted white, so has everything become reversed. The women are rulers and earners, the men merely husbands, who *will* get into mischief when the cat's away. Everything is followed up—language, politics, dress and music—so that face-powder is made from truffles, not rice, and instead of press-men writing in columns, there are shout-women who proclaim from pillars—one woman doubled her audience by standing upside down on her pillar—and all these differences only make ebony more like, and hold up to fun all our present "white" (which, of course, means "unfair," since "black" is "fair") dreams of progress. If the book had gone, perhaps, a little deeper, it would not have been so gay, and it is so rarely that an author, who has a really imaginative satirical idea, has also a style lithe enough to transmit it, that one was too grateful to wish the book had been carried a little further. *The Sacred Giraffe* is delicately written, light but not facetious, with a proper abundance of sly epigram, and is one of those works that succeed in creating a world, not in the book, but in the brain.

If *Life's Feast* made me feel I was unfairly peeping at an old woman without her wig, *Red Wise* reminded me of a Beardsley hag rigged out as a fairy godmother. It is a well-done book, of slight indecency almost hidden beneath the decoration; but the mere ingenuity of the disguise shows that the author has spent more time on it than is either healthy or profitable.

ROBERT HERRING

LITERARY HISTORY & CRITICISM—I

SWINBURNE. By HAROLD NICOLSON. Macmillan. 5s.

HERMAN MELVILLE. By JOHN FREEMAN. Macmillan. 5s.

THE new series of *English Men of Letters* has certainly made a good start with Mr. Nicolson's *Swinburne*—a very difficult subject. It is not true, as Sir Edmund Gosse has pointed out, that Swinburne is neglected to-day, although that is a remark one frequently hears, but rather that criticism, not so much expert and articulate, but the criticism of the man who subscribes to a library and takes in the literary reviews, has executed a not too graceful *volte-face* where he is concerned and turned a shining idol into a shabby Guy Fawkes. It is obvious, of course, that all literary reputations are subject to the flux and flow of time, but with a man like Swinburne, who seized the imagination of his contemporaries and held it in the vice of what was then new and intoxicating music, dangerous and fascinating ideas, the reaction is always more violent and unfair than with, say, a writer such as Mathew Arnold. But we have for some time now been sufficiently removed both from the enthusiasm Swinburne's first work occasioned and from the swift, sure reaction to contempt that came afterwards for us to "put him in his place," as it were, to sort out from the mass of his verse what was musical from what was merely noisy, and generally to treat him with cool-headed and indifferent detachment. Mr. Nicolson, then, could not hope to startle us with any "new and original views" on the merit of Swinburne's poetry, and he might easily have contented himself with emphasising a point here, correcting a wrong impression there, and generally touching-up a portrait already complete and fully-detailed enough. But he has, as a matter of fact, done more than write foot-notes to a sufficiently annotated book—he has attempted, and successfully attempted, to explain Swinburne, to take the two contradictory Swinburnes, that is, the dull Swinburne and the inspired Swinburne, pull them together, show how closely related they are and how the works of both are dependent upon a common mainspring, which is part of Swinburne's mind and temperament naturally inclined to the production as his whole psychological "make-up." The relationship between an artist and his work, shadowy and uncertain as it always must be, lays the critic open, not only to the charge of impertinence, but also to the chance of making a thousand mistakes, all more or less ridiculous, should he attempt to draw a firm, hard line linking up any poem or book with the psychological state of the writer, his emotional and mental make-up, at the time of writing, but to indicate those lines, drawing lightly and loosely and allowing for a considerable margin of error, that is a task, dangerous enough, but extremely worth while, since the resulting design will bring all the aspects of the author's work into its radius and show them in their true perspective.

Mr. Nicolson, then, has used what may be called the psychological approach to criticism in his study of Swinburne. Swinburne was a Peter Pan who refused to grow, not out of childhood, but out of adolescence. The enthusiasms which were his in early life remained with him until death, and he never added to them. This curious state of arrested development accounts for the intellectual boredom of which everyone is conscious in reading Swinburne. We are listening to an inspired adolescent pouring out the ideas and enthusiasms peculiar to his kind, and the older Swinburne grew, the further removed from the fervid glow of the experiences

of his youth, the more apparent does this lack of intellectual backbone become. Part of Mr. Nicolson's quarrel with Watts-Dunton (a quarrel conducted with the most scrupulous fairness by Mr. Nicolson) is not so much that Watts-Dunton thrust his middle-class ideas of artistic and moral propriety down Swinburne's throat, as that the *régime* he enforced at The Pines allowed Swinburne five hours a day in which to work, and so made possible the production of those twenty-three volumes (eleven verse), an output which, as Mr. Nicolson delicately adds, "is apt to destroy all zest for what is really important in his work."

If Mr. Nicolson has a ready explanation for the tediousness of much of Swinburne's work in the phrase "arrested development," he is just as ready with a reason for the sustained beauty of the *Atalanta*. The "internal centre" of Swinburne, argues Mr. Nicolson,

was composed of two dominant and conflicting impulses, namely, the impulse towards revolt and the impulse towards submission. It is his exquisitely sensitive adjustment to the tension between these two impulses, between what psychologists would call "the instinct of self-assertion" and "the instinct of self-abasement" which constitutes his most original contribution to human experience, and which is therefore the real essence of his genius.

Mr. Nicolson, who adds that this statement is the main thesis of his study, goes on in his appreciation of the *Atalanta* :

He attains [in *Atalanta*] to a stable poise, a poise all the more effective since it culminates in a perfect balance between pity and terror and the *καὶ θάρσος* is provoked. But in its essence the poise is in fact one between revolt and submission; it is the exquisite skill with which both these impulses are brought to the quivering point of equilibrium that causes so deep an emotional response. The very fact that the central chorus, with its sudden exaggeration of the element of revolt, is the one faulty passage in the whole poem, indicates that it is the balanced tension between the two impulses themselves, which produce the passionate force of *Atalanta*.

In thus seeking for an explanation for the success or failure of Swinburne's verse in the man himself—in how many feeble, rhetorical passages in his poems can we see Swinburne at Lord Houghton's, asked there to meet Tennyson and then "strutting off to the back drawing-room from where his voice could be heard raised in some wild monologue of his own"—Mr. Nicolson has steered adroitly clear of the more clinical terms of psycho-analysis. Occasionally he drops into the phraseology, but the impression left on the reader at the end is not of a dabbler in psycho-analysis with a few technical terms he is anxious to display, but rather of an expert a little afraid of showing how much he knows of the principles of that much-maligned science. Perhaps Mr. Nicolson is wise; certainly he is prudent, in keeping the vivacious, intelligent but somewhat demonic eyes of the psycho-analytically inclined Mr. Hyde from peering through the bland glasses of Dr. Jekyll, the strictly literary critic, and scaring the conservative into distrust, but it is nevertheless those eyes, seeking for the link between cause and effect, the man and the poem, which give to his study of Swinburne its peculiar value and importance.

With the part of the book confined to criticism of Swinburne's work, there is little to quarrel with. His praise of *Atalanta* is, I think, too highly-coloured, and he hardly gives sufficient credit to the first series of *Poems and Ballads*.

Mr. Freeman is not so adventurous a critic as Mr. Nicolson, and he is always much more at home dissecting and discussing an actual poem or page of prose, than in the more imaginative work of sketching in a character or reconstructing the atmosphere of a past age. Thus in this book on Herman Melville, the first, by

the way, to be published in England, he is sound and interesting in his analysis of the novels, but he fails rather badly to give any vivid idea of Melville the man—a shadowy and obscure figure to the bulk of English readers. Mr. Freeman records the sudden decision to leave the New York State Bank, in which his uncle had placed him, describes his first voyage on the *Highlander*, touches on his disappointment at finding Liverpool as prosaic and squalid as New York, writes a chapter on his experiences in Polynesia—experiences which afforded him a lot of material for his novels—sketches in his friendship with Hawthorne, and then leaves him in the lonely seclusion that only ended with his death.

So much for Herman Melville, Mr. Freeman seems to say; now we can get on to the more important subject of Herman Melville's books, or, as the great majority would have it, Herman Melville's book. For Melville is a one-book author and the book, of course, is *Moby Dick*—that strange, wild, undisciplined masterpiece which was so abused when it came out in 1839 and has, until lately, remained so neglected. The strength of *Moby Dick* seems to summon up an answering strength in Mr. Freeman. Directly he touches this book his thoughts become more taut and purposeful, his style firmer and his imagination climbs to the heights demanded of it. *Moby Dick* is something more than a study in the darkness of human passion, as *Macbeth* is, for instance, it is "a parable of an eternal strife." The White Whale and Captain Ahab—round these protagonists is the epic of *Moby Dick* constructed. What do they stand for, what do they represent? Flesh against spirit, Lucifer against the Arch-angel, a mere whale against a mere man, or, as Mr. D. H. Lawrence has it, "our deepest blood-nature" against "the maniacal fanaticism of our white mental consciousness"? Mr. Freeman himself sees the struggle between them not "as a clashing of opposites," but as "a contest of rivals."

However straightforward a story Melville may have meant to write, it is impossible not to see a symbolic significance in the hatred of Captain Ahab for the whale. I think Mr. Freeman is right in setting the captain and the whale on the same spiritual level. The antagonism between them is all the more agonising because there can be no victory for either, for without each other and the stimulus thus generated to fight and conquer, to fly and survive, both would die—"Ahab against the White Whale, like against like, man against himself, infinite against infinite."

The first name that always leaps to the mind in connection with Melville is Conrad. Certain similarities between them are obvious, their common love of the sea and of the men who sail on it, the rhythmical qualities of their prose (though Conrad's is more disciplined, more self-conscious than Melville's) and the way in which both of them utilise the forces of nature, the wind and the night and the storm, for the background of their tragic histories, but Conrad was no mystic, and his creed of "the few simple things" would never satisfy the grander but less subtle imagination of Melville. Mr. Freeman throws out the names of Blake and Defoe, but somewhat tentatively, and does not push the comparisons to any appreciable lengths. If Mr. Freeman has failed in the first part of his book to give us a satisfying portrait of Melville, the man, he has succeeded in treating his books with that just admixture of restraint and enthusiasm which enables us to give them their rightful place in an age which produced *Wuthering Heights* and *Barchester Towers*.

DUDLEY CAREW

LITERARY HISTORY & CRITICISM—II.

- A DICTIONARY OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE. By LAURIE MAGNUS. Routledge. 25s.
- THE NOBEL PRIZE WINNERS IN LITERATURE. By ANNIE R. MARBLE. Appleton. 12s. 6d.
- THE HUMOUR IN THE RUSSIAN COMEDY FROM CATHERINE TO GOGOL. ARTHUR P. COLEMAN. Milford. 10s. 6d.
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- JAMES BRANCH CABELL. By CARL VAN DOREN. The Bodley Head. 6s.
- MR. SHAW AND THE MAID. By J. M. ROBERTSON. R. COBDEN-SANDERSON. 5s.

WITHIN the pages of a single volume Mr. Laurie Magnus has provided a very useful encyclopædia of information about writers, literary movements, classical terms, for he has brought within its compass facts and references for which the reader and the man of letters has often to search through a dozen books. It is a monument of industry and usefulness, and when we remember that it is the work of one man our criticisms become relative. I have not found Bickerstaffe, Rimbaud, Lionel Johnson, Marie Bashkirtseff, or Lemaître, but almost every other name for which I looked, including Dibdin, beside such general topics as Satire, Woman, and even Coffee Houses. The biographies are partly factual and partly essayistic, and occasionally the general reflections crowd out a date or a sequence of events for which one turns to a work of reference. In a book of this kind the claims of precise information should come first, and Mr. Magnus might have resisted the desire to make his paragraphs more readable. This said, however, the Dictionary remains a valuable work of reference, and none within whose reach it comes will as a rule be disappointed of an answer. In her more restricted field Mrs. Marble is another useful guide, and her account of Alfred Nobel, the foundation of his prize for literature, and of the twenty-three writers to whom it has been awarded since its foundation in 1900 supplies a gap in reference books. Occasionally the Prize has been divided, but only twice since the first award in 1901

has the Prize not been granted, and these years were those of the beginning and end of the War. Perhaps seven winners of the Prize may not be generally familiar to English readers, but it would be hard to name a European country, unless it were Russia, which is not represented on the list. The award to Tagore in 1913 shows how carefully the selection committee has lived up to the instructions of the founder and kept the award entirely above considerations of nationality. Mrs. Marble gives a chapter to each award in which the biographical facts and the general tenor of the work of the winners is sketched succinctly. The receipt of the Prize is, of course, the only common bond between talents so diverse, but the record is worth having, and we hope that it will be kept up to date.

The first three volumes in the series known as the Republic of Letters start what promises to be a very useful collection of critical studies on foreign men of letters. It is true that a future volume on Dryden is announced, but so far this is the only English name, and we badly need a series devoted entirely to foreign men of letters, a series to which we should turn as a matter of course. Mr. Aldington has written what is probably the best combined critical study and brief biography of Voltaire that exists in English. It is impossible of course to do justice either to the life or to the writings of Voltaire in a single limited volume, but Mr. Aldington succeeds in communicating the astonishing zest and activity of Voltaire's life without overwhelming us with facts or making us weep too much at his omissions. He has accomplished a feat of compression, and his criticism is the result of a thorough study of his vast theme and of genuine, but not uncritical, admiration for his hero. Prince Mirsky is one of our two or three accredited guides to Russian literature, which for Englishmen practically starts with Pushkin. To understand his great successors we need to understand him, and Prince Mirsky gives what is really an introduction to modern Russian literature in this study of its earliest great name. The barrier of a foreign language is inevitably felt most in regard to the work of a poet, and the present volume is, I believe, the first in English devoted exclusively to Pushkin. It is then an indispensable book, and probably the only English reader qualified to do full justice to it is Mr. Maurice Baring. By taking a single personality for its theme it has the advantage over Prince Mirsky's *Modern Russian Literature*, which is confessedly a manual written rather for the student, perhaps the examinee, than for the general reader. The study of literary history should follow previous acquaintance with the separate authors, and this comes home to one when a foreign literature is being introduced. Its author's name is sufficient to recommend *Modern Russian Literature*, but the general reader should begin with the separate volume on Pushkin. To show, however, how pointed and lively Prince Mirsky's criticism even in a general volume can be, let us take the following sentences from the "manual":

Turgenev . . . had other qualities which neither of his greater contemporaries possessed. First of all, his beautiful caressing Russian. His prose, at its best, produces an almost physical effect of intoxicating beauty. His language is very much his own creation. Compared with what came before him, his style is cunningly and consistently colloquial, elaborately natural, and laboriously unliterary. . . . Irreligious (but not courageous enough to be an atheist) and passive, Turgenev could not but be a pessimist, and his pessimism is relieved only by romantic visions of love and beauty, beautiful, fleeting, frail things, veiling from the unwilling eye the dreadful abysses of Nonentity. But there is not in Turgenev an ounce of the active, manly, fearless pessimism of Thomas Hardy.

Take again the sentence in which we are told that "the late Katherine Mansfield was probably the most faithful and at the same time the most original of his (Chekhov's)

disciples." These are enough to show how delightful and informing a guide we have in these two books. In *Gogol* Mr. Lavrin has a perfect study for a critical biography, for Gogol's life was very like the subject of a Russian novel. He was one of those nervous, troubled, hypersensitive souls whose writings can be understood only by a study of the temperament that created them. Without taking us too far into the realm of morbid psychology, Mr. Lavrin contrives to evoke an intimate and vivid picture, which seems perfectly fitted to the size of its frame. With these three new books before us there is now no excuse for lack of introduction to Russian literature.

Mr. Robertson's lively monograph upon *Gibbon* proves the great historian to be still a figure of controversy, and his style and opinions, classic as they are, remain subjects for debate. No comprehensive life of Gibbon has yet been written, and with the new material that has come to light since Cotter Morison's monograph there was room for a new study, though the present author, like his predecessors, has a side to take in the historic battle. The volume by Mr. Arthur Symons is noteworthy for not having been included in the recent Collected Edition of his works. It consists of the original form of essays that have never been published in book form in this country before. If unequal, its contents include passages well worth preserving: especially the essay on Joseph Conrad, and numberless scattered opinions on modern writers and books. Mr. Beresford Chancellor's essays live up to their title and are agreeably discursive on a multitude of themes, usually byways of letters. They have a pleasant conversational ease, and some of his subjects, like the wit of Archbishop Whately, have exactly the quality of surprise in familiarity that shows him at his best. Dr. Philpot's critical biography of *Maistre Wace* is a valuable addition to critical literature. It fills a definite gap, and I only regret that there is no space here to call adequate attention to his interesting study of a fascinating figure very little known outside the circle of students of the Anglo-Norman renaissance of the twelfth century. Mr. Robertson vigorously criticises Mr. Shaw's portrait of St. Joan, but his criticism is a tribute to the interest aroused by what remains a historical portrait, a personal conception, to be judged rather by its own unity than by anything else. A chronicle play is not a chronicle, and figures like St. Joan provoke each century, if not each generation, to give its own interpretation of them. If one biographer has criticised another, no playwright, of course, can be suffered to escape! Mr. Shaw's *St. Joan* seems to me an admirable test of his method. The commonsense view, as our generation understands it, could not be applied more thoroughly than in his preface, but one sometimes doubts whether there is not a factor that this commonsense overlooks. This doubt raises the further question whether commonsense and theatrical skill can produce a play that shall be more than interesting. I found the method as interesting as ever, but the play flat. When, by seeing and reading, one has exhausted the interest, does anything remain to *which one can return*? I doubt it. The method is fruitful; the interest is great while it lasts, but, despite Mr. Robertson, I respond more to Mr. Shaw the historical critic than to Mr. Shaw the playwright. He is master of all the appeals with which a play can dispense.

OSBERT BURDETT

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF COLONEL HOUSE. Edited by CHARLES SEYMOUR. Benn. Two Volumes. 42s.

MEMORIALS OF ALBERT VENN DICEY. By R. S. RAIT. Macmillan.

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON: HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Edited, with Commentary, by E. D. CUMING. Introduction by SIR THEODORE COOK. The Bodley Head. 42s.

NAPHTHALI. By C. LEWIS HIND. The Bodley Head. 15s.

THE intimate papers of Colonel House should, in Lord Grey's words, help to "bring people to reflect soberly upon the War." Criticism is easy. The book discloses a queer blend of modesty and self-confidence, but only a man of very remarkable gifts could have been the power he undoubtedly was in his own country and impressed so favourably such diverse statesmen as Lord Balfour and Lord Grey. To his clear, logical mind, everything seemed simple; and it never seems to have occurred to him that if the remedy was so simple, the revelation would hardly have been confined to a wire-puller from Texas—astute though he was.

In 1911 the Democratic Party were beginning to recover from Mr. Bryan. The Republicans had out-stayed their welcome, Taft and Roosevelt had quarrelled. To a party tainted by the Tammany connection, respectability was essential, and with this awkward limitation the search began. As Governor of New Jersey, Woodrow Wilson had attacked public life not without success. His speeches were eloquent, if austere, and as a College Don, "there was obviously in him the capacity for moral leadership," and Colonel House came to the conclusion that, if not the best man for the job, he was the best man who could be nominated with any chance of success. There were snags ahead. Mr. Bryan had to be humoured in the face of Wilson's expressed wish that something should be done, "dignified and effective, to knock Mr. Bryan into a cocked hat." Then there remained Tammany: to flout it openly would have spelt disaster. However, with the Colonel at the helm, all was well, and after some very pretty tacking the Democrats for the first time for twenty years found themselves in port.

If it had not been for the War, Wilson would in all probability have gone down to history as a great Reforming President. His action over the Panama Tolls revealed a new spirit in American politics. Here was a man ready to do something, even against the interests of his country, simply because it happened to be honest. In this paper his real war policy is disclosed for the first time. It is clear he was never anti-Ally, but he was determined at all costs to keep America out of the War. A country which owes everything to her immunity from European troubles could not reasonably be expected to involve herself in a war in which she was not personally concerned, and so imperil for ever the Munroe doctrine. In a way, it is a tribute to his impartiality that he was equally suspect by both sides. His sympathy with England, if existent, was scrupulously concealed.

Colonel House impartially disliked all the combatants. To him England and Germany were equally responsible for the War. Great stress is laid upon the President's horror of involving his country in war. Yet, although to avoid this calamity he allows with inhuman patience his ships to be sunk, American lives sacrificed, and

open intrigues at home and in Mexico to be conducted by Germany's diplomatic representatives, in the interests of a class, the American traders, he is prepared to go to war with England whose blockade policy was founded on the American practice during their Civil War. More than once, it was only the sanity of Lord Grey and Mr. Page that saved a rupture.

Still, from an American point of view, the President's policy had much to recommend it. It was this : strict impartiality until there appeared a substantial risk that Germany would win. Then intervention, and if Germany refused the terms, War. Unfortunately he did not play his cards very well, and gradually became suspect in England and negligible in Berlin. As a public man, his personality was wooden and unsympathetic. With all the virtues, he had many of the faults of a College Professor. When one remembers the enthusiasm with which he was received on his visit to Europe, and his great position at the Peace Congress, there must have been a fatal defect in his character, to have made possible the tragic end of one hailed as the saviour of Europe. This is the book of a very remarkable man, of absorbing interest from cover to cover.

It is well that we should be reminded from time to time of the admirable work done by many whose names are hardly known to the ordinary citizen. Like Colonel House, Albert Venn Dicey was always in the background, but there the resemblance ends. No one was less of a schemer ; his mission was to lay the foundation for the work of others. He says somewhere that most people get what they want in this world, and although he never fulfilled his great ambition to achieve success by his singular gift for public speaking, he had no reason for dissatisfaction on looking back on his long and full life. The son of the founder of the *Northampton Mercury*, after a brilliant career at Oxford in the congenial society of Warre, T. H. Green, Swinburne, R. S. Wright, he was a pupil of Jowett's, of whom he says, " to no man do I owe more." Dicey apparently did not think much of his lectures, but if the object of education be to form character, " he stands out supreme." Called to the bar at a time when Holker was leading the Northern circuit, he never achieved great success in his profession, but his ability was soon recognised by Sir John Coleridge and other leaders of the Bar. Like others in like case, he supported himself largely by journalism. He had a trenchant style.

When Professor Dicey returns in due course to Oxford he consoles himself by the reflection :

I have rarely seen a mere University career turn out, for most Englishmen, a satisfactory one. I do not know quite where the defect lies. No one could say that Jowett's life was wasted, but I somehow think he might have been a greater man and a greater teacher if he had passed some ten years away from Oxford.

This is essentially the book of a scholar and a very profound thinker, and it is consoling to less-gifted mortals to be told that his hand-writing was so bad that he was given leave to submit his fellowship paper in type.

Mr. Dicey would not have had much sympathy with Squire Osbaldeston. Frankly disliking athletics and sport, he only once went to the Derby, oddly enough with Herbert Spencer, upon a purely philosophical quest. To Squire Osbaldeston, no form of sport came amiss. As a Master of Hounds he was pre-eminent, and rode a race at Goodwood at 68, and was beaten only by a neck. Few amateurs were ahead of him at cricket, and perhaps his most remarkable achievement was to beat the great Barre at Tennis, receiving " 15 " and playing with a gloved hand instead of a racket.

It is odd that he should have spent five years as a Whig Member of Parliament, but it is only fair to him to add that this was due to maternal pressure, and at the

earliest opportunity the M.P. sought a position of greater freedom and less responsibility. Like so many sporting memoirs, the matter is rather disappointing. There is a good deal of this sort of thing :

Lord Wenlock was a thorough Whig in politics, and his large estates, six miles from York, gave him considerable influence in the neighbourhood and the Ministry of the day created him a peer. He had a very fine house and many beautiful woods in which were an immense number of pheasants besides hares, rabbits, etc.

It is conceded that even the mice could not finish the diary. The Squire was a good fellow, and generally popular. A "good sportsman" is perhaps the highest form of national eulogy. Yet the type was not prudish. The only genius who ever wrote about them, Surtees, depicts them almost entirely as rascals, and Osbaldeston was no better than the rest. The duel with George Bentinck does him little credit. It appears he had a grievance against the Earl of Wilton who had an annual race meeting at Heaton Park. There was some feeling that the handicapping was not fair. The remedy was simplicity itself—not to send horses there—but the Squire thought of a better way. Having a very good horse named Rush, he pulls it unblushingly in one race, and then being let in with an easy-weight wins a good stake in the Gold Cup. That he was hissed does not seem to disturb him, but Lord George Bentinck does not pay him the £200 he lost—on being pressed says it was a "damned robbery." So the Squire issues a challenge, but finds great difficulty in getting a second. George Payne, runs him to ground at the Portland Club, and for two hours tries to persuade him "to drop it." The answer is :

It is no good, George ; he said it was a damned robbery and as sure as you stand there I will shoot the beggar dead to-morrow morning.

Payne's answer was :

Osbaldeston, you and I are very old friends. You know Bentinck was right. Its a damned robbery and if you kill Lord George to-morrow there will not be a single gentleman in England who will ever speak to you again.

Osbaldeston turns and leaves him without a word, but "Later on that morning he missed Bentinck" at twelve paces, though he could put "ten shots on the ace of diamonds at thirty feet."

Mr. Lewis Hind, under the alias of "Naphthali" has not merely the advantage of being able to write, but has much of interest to write about. A journalist who began by making lace, and an art critic whose inspiration was the Doré Gallery, could hardly fail to give us an entertaining volume. Mr. Hind gives us a very sympathetic account of the writers of the "eighties." If they were not quite the geniuses of their early promise, there can be no doubt that they did much to start the revival of letters and even raised Poetry from its neglected grave ; but "Naphthali" might have spared his readers that tedious infant with the tiresome name. There is even evidence that "Julius Caesar" is not mere fiction—but one hopes this is only his fun.

CHARTRES BIRON

HISTORY

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CANNING. By HAROLD TEMPERLEY. Bell.
25s.

LORD JOHN MANNERS AND HIS FRIENDS. By CHARLES WHIBLEY.
Blackwood. Two vols. 30s.

A GEOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION TO HISTORY. By LUCIEN FEBVRE.
Kegan Paul. 16s.

MR. TEMPERLEY'S *Foreign Policy of Canning* is a work of first-rate importance: it is a history and it is a book, and it might even be argued that it is our generation's first example, apart from Mr. Simpson's studies of Louis Napoleon, of this combination. To put it at the lowest, we have not seen so full and precise an investigation of a subject so large and big presented with so much care for clarity, amenity, and proportion. This is an event.

The book's concern is with Canning's foreign policy, his importance in Europe from 1822 to 1827, and it may be enough for me to say that in future every one wanting to know anything about that subject must begin by going to Mr. Temperley, for I wish to draw attention especially to an incidental utility, the assistance here provided towards a comprehension of the workings of British Government in the last years before Reform.

This utility, indeed, is something more than incidental, for Mr. Temperley explains that "Canning had a political creed of his own" and that it was "the key to his foreign policy." He goes on to characterise it as follows: "Canning hoped never to see the day when England became a 'democracy inlaid (for ornament's sake) with an aristocracy and topped (for sufferance) with a crown.' The King, the Lords, the Commons, and the masses each had their powers and their rights but also their limits. . . . A Member of Parliament must resist his constituents if his conscience so dictated. . . . Similarly he thought Parliament ought sometimes to lead, and sometimes to oppose, popular opinion. Check and balance, adjustment and compromise, were the essence of the British Constitution."

It is not altogether clear why Mr. Temperley considers this to have been "so rigid a doctrine as regards fundamentals, a doctrine that must ultimately have turned the constitution into a museum and Englishmen into Chinamen": and if we may trust to his use of capitals, he himself seems not to have departed very far from all of these principles. But what matters more than either his own political ideas or his views on Canning's is the light he throws on the practice of the time, more especially where it is not easily reconcilable with any theory.

Most striking of all is the difficulty in maintaining unity of policy and administration. It was not merely that George IV had Hanoverian ministers as well as British, a foreign policy and a secret service which were no business of the London Cabinet: besides a master, the Foreign Secretary had as well colleagues who hampered him by wanting to have a diplomacy of their own. On one occasion, for instance (and it was by no means unique), foreign diplomats were permitted to know that Canning's policy was disagreeable to the King and the Duke of York, and also to Westmorland, Harrowby, Wellington, and Peel. There was here no question of principle: the Foreign Secretary's policy was the policy of the British Government, approved by the Prime

Minister, and on any theory of the constitution it was everyone's duty to advance it: yet four Cabinet ministers did their best to make it impossible.

Sometimes the *frondeurs* used the legitimate weapon of threatening resignation, and then they might be defeated by counter-threats. Sometimes the Foreign Secretary reinforced himself with parliamentary approval. Once at least he took decisive action without consulting his Cabinet (though it is fair to say that the circumstances were urgent and speedy consultation impossible). As his tenure of office lengthened, his authority grew stronger: always, until he became Prime Minister himself, the Prime Minister loyally supported him; but with all these advantages, and though the unitary character of the Cabinet was as well settled as any constitutional dogma, yet it is clear that the sort of *Nebenregierung* which is often considered the characteristic vice of despotisms remained a vice of parliamentary government until late in its history, and that in its very worst form it could be practised by a minister so high-minded and public-spirited as Wellington.

Biographies are the most amusing books, and according to high authorities they are the most edifying as well. The pity is that most often they are not books at all, and that very often the lives they present appear the less magnificent the more they are explained. *Lord John Manners and His Friends* is defective in neither of these particulars. No one now writing English prose is better qualified than Mr. Whibley to turn a sentence, to complete a paragraph, or to construct a book: and no man lately concerned in English politics is better worth knowing about than Lord John Manners. He is indeed, and especially for a politician, a highly static personage, important much more for what he was than for what he did or what happened to him, a character much more than a career. His apologist must do without the blaze of grand achievements or the gloom of tragic mistakes, and even without the cumulation of repeated attainment; but if the central figure is not dramatic, it is surrounded with others dramatic enough, and various as could be wished. Nor is the encirclement accidental. Lord John Manners was in the middle of these men for very good reasons.

Smythe, Disraeli, Baillie-Cochrane, George Bentinck, Faber, the two Derbys, Gathorne-Hardy: the list of the friends of John Manners could go on almost indefinitely. A string of names as long and as brilliant can be attached to almost any other man who has lived long in the great world; the peculiarity of John Manners is that he mattered to all of them, that no one was ever the worse for knowing him, while very many, and those among the chief men then living, were the better. Mr. Whibley says very truly that "friendship meant more to him than to any other public man of his time. Having no desire to be first in all companies, a desire which is the sad negation of friendship, he attached the best of his contemporaries to him almost without knowing it." He shows, too, the meaning, and the truth, of the oft-quoted epigram that in Manners character amounted to genius, and how this was partly the genius of friendship, partly the singularity of a politician without guile, partly a modesty without fear and a disinterestedness without egoism. In short, the book is an illuminating and endearing picture of one of the best of Englishmen, and of some of the most distinguished as well: incidentally it throws new light on some important passages of nineteenth-century politics, notably on the Queen's connection with the 1867 Reform Bill.

It is difficult enough to decide what *history* means, and still more difficult about *geography*: perhaps it does not much matter and we are none the worse for proceeding in practice on an implicit rule of thumb which might be expressed by a slight alteration of Mr. Bentley's rhyme—

History's what haps,
Geography's maps.

However, it could hardly be expected that a professor setting out to write *A Geographical Introduction to History* should be so easily satisfied, and indeed Monsieur Febvre spends something like a quarter of his book in discussing whether geography exists or can exist, especially what are the limits of "human geography" and its relations with "social morphology," and in gibing at Ratzel to the greater glory of Vidal de la Blache: all this lightly, so far as I can tell justly, and if not very informatively, no doubt that is mostly my fault and perhaps a little the translator's. But the main interest of the book begins when it moves on from these highly academic and, to the profane, excessively verbal debates, to discuss the general and eternal questions of the mutual relations between physical data and social arrangements.

There is a persistent delusion (especially in England) of the existence of a determinism in history, an assumption that the destination of the human process is unmistakable and that history's business is to evaluate the contributions of Hellenism, Christianity, humanitarianism, adult suffrage, and of cattle, iron, ships, and guano. In England this "finalist" heresy owes much to Macaulay and Hallam, and everywhere it fortifies itself (though perhaps they wouldn't like it) with Darwin and Lamarck impartially, and is imposed (no less impartially) by Marx and Treitschke. Its connection with geography is peculiarly close: indented coasts and maritime enterprise; natural frontiers and the formation of states; coal mines and the development of industry; the uniform political progress—family—clan—tribe—nation; and the uniform economic progress—hunting—herding—ploughing—manufacturing; with the inevitable controlling of these progresses by geographical factors; these things and a few more along with them have been taught as if they were the law of gravity, and used to explain as much as if they were the subconscious mind.

The reader's chief debt to Monsieur Febvre's book is that it disabuses his mind of these pernicious orthodoxies or at least warns him against accepting them as universal and self-evident verities:

We know in reality little or nothing as yet of the influence of geographical environment on human societies . . . the economic fact does not necessarily result from the technical conditions and does not depend "on the things themselves" but "on the ideas of men about those things. . . ." Nothing has really been accomplished when it has been solemnly decreed that countries with an unindented coast and countries distant from the sea having an extreme climate, that is, presumably, such countries as the massive and torrid peninsula of Arabia, the centre and cradle of Islam, have no part in the history of civilisation, whereas others (let us suppose again) such as Corsica and Korea. . . . It is the homeless animal without edible value which is generally killed without care or ceremony . . . the *homo geographicus* who should and could feed on everything without distinction—that man does not exist . . . there is never any inevitability . . . no necessities, but everywhere possibilities, and man, as the master of the possibilities, is the judge of their use. . . .

These quotations thus snatched and jumbled may not to every reader appear to contain so much truth as they do to me, and clearly they do not represent an unexceptionable method of characterising a book: but I hope that they will pass on the conviction that this book is shrewd, entertaining and instructive.

KENNETH PICKTHORN